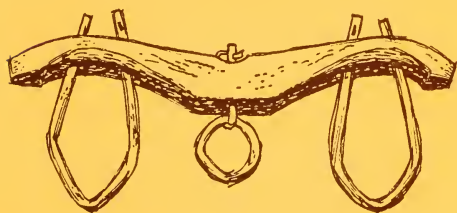


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THE
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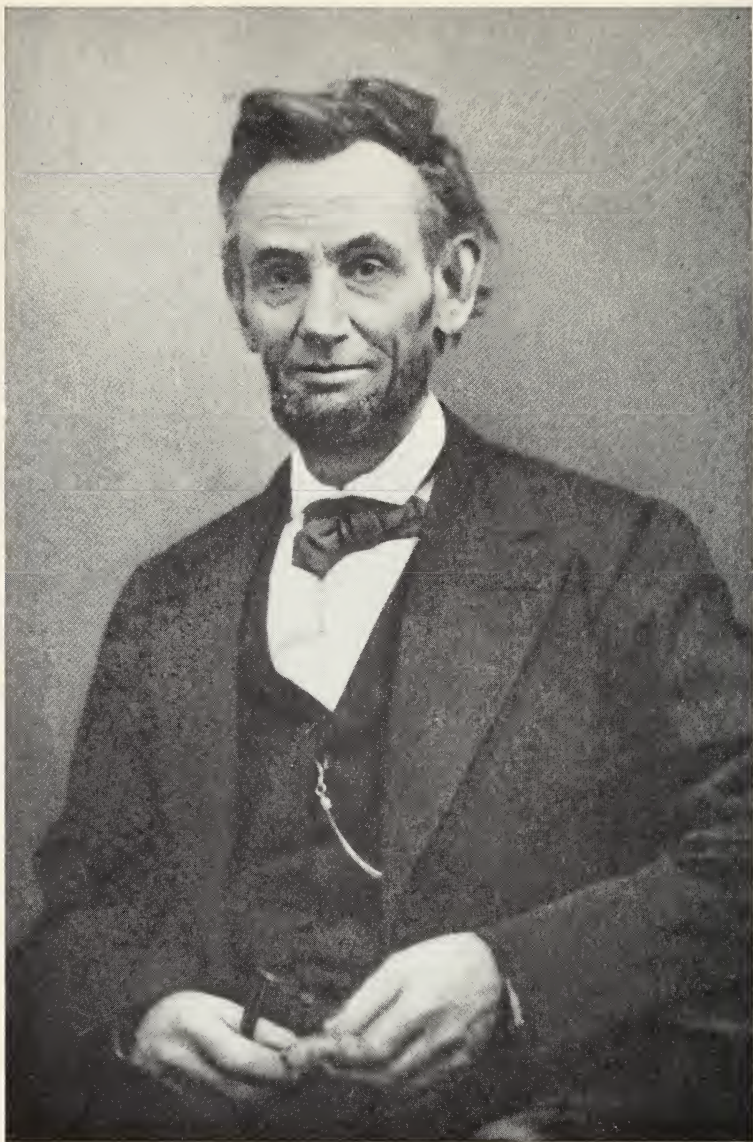
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LINCOLN AND THE DOCTORS



[LAST PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN, TAKEN FIVE DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH]

L I N C O L N *and the* D O C T O R S

A Medical Narrative
of the
LIFE *of* ABRAHAM LINCOLN



By
MILTON H. SHUTES, M.D.

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LINCOLN
Room

To

"SI"—and GEORGE and MARILYN

1854 HSEARCY

•

THIS BOOK is printed in memory of the physicians who contributed to the maintenance of the health of Abraham Lincoln and to those physicians who sought to keep alive the sinking flame in his stricken body.

AND IT is published on the sixty-eighth anniversary date of his dramatic death.

Saturday April 15, 1865.

Saturday April 15, 1933.

PREFACE

THE study of the life of Abraham Lincoln is so unusually engrossing that any serious effort at a contribution thereto may serve as its own apology.

With no pretense to completeness, this writing is an inquiry into Lincolniana from a new vista. Excepting the discussion of certain characteristics, it is, largely, a compilation of hitherto scattered and unappreciated facts and bits of information—some entirely new—and the weaving of them into a narrative. The medical phase of Lincoln's life should be of real interest; so this book is offered in the hope that it will stimulate as well as meet that interest.

Acknowledgment is gratefully made to the encouragement and suggestions of John W. Starr, Jr., of Millersburg, Pennsylvania, and particularly to Paul M. Angle of Springfield, Illinois; to the aid of Robert P. Utter, professor of English at the University of California at Berkeley; to the editorial criticism and suggestions of F. Ray Risdon of Los Angeles, and to the kindness and assistance of all other individuals with whom the author has communicated. A list of many of the sources of information not accredited in the text is appended.

M.H.S.

Oakland, California

1932

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CHAPTER ONE

THE ancestral history of Abraham Lincoln reveals nothing that might cause the medical director of a life insurance company to hesitate in granting a policy to America's greatest son. His virile paternal grandfather, Captain Abraham Lincoln, was killed in the forty-second year of his life by the bullet of an Indian, and left five children and 1,200 acres of land. Bathsheba Lincoln, the widow, well born and strong of body and intellect, lived a pioneer's life and died at the reputed age of 100 years. As there is no knowledge of Lincoln's maternal grandfather, except that he was well born, the medical investigator would find nothing of interest there. But Lucy Hanks Sparrow, his maternal grandmother, led a useful life until about the age of 61, leaving eight children and many grandchildren to honor her.

Thomas Lincoln, the father, survived the hardships of his life in Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, where he died in his seventy-fifth year; but his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, succumbed when 37 years old to an epidemic disease possessing a high mortality.

From a medical point of view the idea of family environment and of immediate forebears known as

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“poor but honest” is not a bad beginning for any biography. Thomas Lincoln was honest and temperate, and possessed a keen sense of humor and a strong physique free from hereditary disease and tainted predispositions, and his wife possessed the same advantages to a more or less degree—something more valuable than a heavy purse.

Thomas Lincoln lived with his bride Nancy in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, for two years and here was born in 1807 their first child, Sarah. If Nancy had a physician at that time, it was a Dr. Ebenezer B. Goodletter. He was followed in 1809 by a Dr. Thomas Essex from England. Soon after this, a Dr. William Sulcer of Holland arrived and Dr. Essex left the town. No doubt the Lincolns came in contact with these physicians, but, so far, the records reveal only one who rendered professional service. About 1811, Dr. Daniel B. Potter arrived in Elizabethtown and soon built up a large practice, causing his only competitor, Dr. Sulcer, to move on. In 1814, however, during an epidemic of the “cold plague,” he died and left to his young widow \$1,560.33 in uncollected bills. A court commission collected \$864.89½ for her, of which amount Thomas Lincoln paid \$1.46 due from a previous unpaid balance. There is no record of what his services were, when rendered and for whom. But as Thomas Lincoln had the mumps which necessi-

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tated an operation, Beveridge suggests that it was for this that Dr. Potter was employed; and it may be of interest to the suspicious inquirer to be reminded that Dr. Potter did not arrive in Kentucky until after February 12, 1809.

On that memorable Sunday in February, on the Sinking Spring Farm, four miles from Hodgenville and fourteen miles from Elizabethtown, there was no medical aid. Thomas Lincoln had considered sending for Dr. Potter, but being already under obligation to that physician, he hesitated at "runnin' up the debt." Mrs. Mary LaRue Enlow, the Nolin Creek midwife, was engaged in another home on this eventful date, so she sent her young niece and assistant, Mrs. Peggy Walters, who, with the helping hand of an aunt or two of Nancy Lincoln's, satisfactorily rendered the necessary assistance. There were warm water, warm coverings and certainly a hot fire to cheer this puncheon-floored, single-roomed cabin. We know there were some dishes and a "bason," which had been purchased a short time prior to this February event. So with the help of the women and their crude obstetrical paraphernalia there was brought into that precarious world a husky infant, who from the very beginning seemed to have thrived in it.

When the boy was three years of age, the family moved twelve miles away to their Knob Creek

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farm, where they lived until he was eight. It was during this period that one or both of his old playmates, Dennis Hanks and Austin Gallaher, pulled him out of the river and rolled and pummeled him until the water poured from his mouth. Here he lived the normal life of a backwoods boy, but there is little authentic information concerning him except that he grew longer and faster than his companions. But they were not to see the length to which his body sprouted; that phenomenon was to astonish his friends and neighbors in Gentryville, Indiana. Here he passed through the terrible, awkward years of male adolescence and early manhood, developing his long, powerful frame and feeding his searching mind on every printed page that he could find, buy or borrow.

And here, in southwestern Indiana, the nine-year-old lad received an emotional shock from which he suffered subconsciously all his life—the loss of the parent who understood his desire for book learning, and who gave him the sympathy and love that only a mother can bestow. Tall, thin and never strong, she became an easy victim of that mysterious malady the milk sickness, or trembles, which in those days caused an appalling loss of life. Dr. Theodore Lemon of Danville, Illinois, wrote to the Lincoln biographer, Ward Lamon, an excellent description of the disease and correctly

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attributed the cause to a vegetable origin. His description of the onset, symptoms and course is also quite accurate. But unfortunately the medical men of 1818-1829 did not know the exact etiologic factor, which we now have reason to believe is the ingestion of milk or meat from cows feeding on white snakeroot (*Eupatorium urticaefolium*) and rayless goldenrod (*Aplopappus heterophyllus*), nor did they have knowledge of a certain treatment that now consists in the proper administration of carbohydrates. Pathetic, sad-eyed Nancy Lincoln! Her end was possibly hastened by the blood-letting proclivities of Josiah Crawford on that poor body already dehydrated by the disease.

There was no physician within thirty miles of Gentryville, but the community had a "yarb and root" doctor of note in no less a person than the well known Josiah Crawford, for whom the boy Abraham split the many rails for the rain-soaked "Life of Washington." "Doctor" Crawford knew how to apply plasters and to give hot foot-baths, and he was generous with blue-mass pellets. He was also in great demand as a dentist and became adept with a pair of twister forceps for extractions. And not to be too far behind the times, he obtained a lancet and added the art of blood-letting to his accomplishments. On troublesome occasions, as in the case of hemorrhages, he relied on faith cures

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and charms, such as thrice repeating the sixth verse of the sixteenth chapter of the Prophecy of Ezekiel: "And when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live, yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live." As Abe and his sister Sarah "hired out" to him, they undoubtedly at times became his willing or unwilling patients. Probably he had many provocations for nicknaming his whilom employer, "Old Blue-Nose Crawford."

While still in his early teens, overgrown and impatient of the irksome task of driving an unenthusiastic horse around a grist-mill, Abe suddenly applied a whip and yelled: "Get up, you old hussy. Get up—" when the old gray mare let fly her unshod heels and caught the lanky boy somewhere on his head. His father was sent for and hurried the senseless boy home, where he was washed and put to bed. As consciousness returned in the early morning, his first words were: "—you old hussy," the remainder of the sentence he had flung at the horse prior to being knocked down. This form of arrested cerebration resembles the interrupted line of thought observed in the petit-mal (mild) attacks of epilepsy; to Lincoln it was an experience that intrigued speculation all his life, and he often had occasion to relate the incident as an example of the mysterious working of the brain's machinery.

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As the boy's body outgrew his backwoods clothes, so his mind outgrew his pioneer environment until he became restless and dissatisfied in his father's home. Thomas Lincoln, still seeking the green grass beyond, and using another threatened siege of the milk-sickness as an excuse, planned a home farther west in Illinois. Abe, grown to manhood, loving his foster-mother, Sarah Bush Lincoln, and remembering his own mother, agreed to remain with the family group until they were settled in their new cabin on the Illinois prairies. That done, being of age, and filled with a restless ambition, he left his kith and foster kin and turned his face to the Sangamon country and destiny.

But before he set his feet on that high-road, they were badly frozen while crossing the Sangamon River during the hard winter of 1830-31. This was no unblest misfortune for Abe. Unable to return to his home, he was comfortably marooned for weeks during that winter's famous "deep snow," in the more spacious cabin of William Warnick, sheriff of Macon county and father of five boys and six girls.

Polly, a daughter, who was credited with causing an incipient glow in the bosom of young Abraham, was now safely married. So, at ease, Abe buried his nose in the sheriff's Statutes of Illinois and his burning feet in the palliative bandages of the

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sheriff's wife. Mrs. Warnick had been quick to remove his shoes and place his feet in snow "to take out the frost-bite," and annoint them in goose-grease, skunk-oil or rabbit-fat according to the custom. He had worked all summer on the Warnick place, splitting thousands of rails and helping with the harvest. As usual, every one liked the interesting fellow they called "long-legged Abe."

After the storm and the healing, he returned home to help his family in their 16 by 16 foot cabin. Like most pioneer families, his folks were crowded and ailing. All that fall, members of the group had suffered from chills and fever. To combat the ague and its malaise, they had purchased quantities of "barks" at James Renshaw's store in Decatur. "Barks" was a mixture of whiskey and Peruvian bark. Abe, himself, had no need for ague remedies. This was a year of marvelous vigor and expenditure of vast physical energy for him.

But he had no fondness for building fences or gathering the harvest they enclosed. By March of 1831, he made his escape forever from farm life and started on a memorable river voyage to New Orleans. On a similar business venture in 1828 with Allen Gentry, he had received a knife slash over his right temple in a fight with seven Indians. This time, however, he returned unhurt and more experienced to tread the royal road.

CHAPTER TWO

ON the high banks of the Sangamon River there was perched the young town of New Salem, an ambitious but short-lived venture of the Reverend John Cameron and his uncle, James Rutledge. Here came, about August 1, 1831, the stalwart, resourceful young Lincoln, an Ichabod in appearance; sad of eye but with a wonderful smile, poor in pocket and raiment but rich in personality and character. He came armed with a contract to build and manage a store for one Denton Offut, who already had sent him on the famous flatboat trip to New Orleans.

The stock in trade for the new store was scheduled to arrive in Beardstown, where the Sangamon empties its waters into the Illinois River, and Abe Lincoln was "fixing to go fetch" it overland to New Salem. Now there lived near the town along the river a Dr. Nelson, who felt himself being crowded by too many neighbors, it was said, and who was hankering for Texas where the spaces were still wider and more open. So he arranged with our experienced flatboatman to help him raft his household goods down the river to Beardstown, where he boarded a river steamer for the South. It was no doubt a busy trip and gave Lincoln little

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opportunity to learn about doctors from this peculiar fellow. Though Abe surely had met and mingled with scores of representatives of the medical profession, this appears to be his first recorded contact with one of them. Down the river at Sangamotown, where Abe built the raft, was a Dr. Abbott, who later moved on to become the first physician in nearby Athens.

This district also had a famous "yarb-doctor" in James Pantier, generally and affectionately called "Uncle Jimmie." There seemed to exist a mystical understanding between this unusual fellow and the wild life of the country side—plants, birds and animals. From far and near people came to him to be cured by herb and by faith. He was remarkable among healers because, as he considered his curative ability a gift of God, he refused all fees for its application. He lived in Sandridge near New Salem and owned two lots across from the Rutledge-Cameron tavern, where young Lincoln boarded. He was 52 years old when Lincoln was 21, but these two personalities found much of interest in each other and became fast friends.

During this year of 1831, Dr. John Marsh, Harvard graduate and Indian agent on the upper Mississippi River, came to New Salem with his French-Sioux wife and their six-year-old son Charlie, whom he entrusted to the care of the Pantiers.

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Abe met Dr. Marsh and took special interest in his slim tall son. He gave to Charlie his first pocket-knife and spent much spare time fashioning wooden toys for him. Dr. Marsh, the following year, became involved with his Sioux friends in the Black Hawk War, and five years later, he was the first of a number of adventurer-doctors to settle in California, where he became a great land and cattle baron and an interesting participant in the romance of early California history.

The storekeeping business soon "winked out" and Lincoln was casting about for a new job when Black Hawk in 1832 started a little war in northern Illinois and gave Lincoln an opportunity to become a federal employee. First he soldiered with the rank of captain and later he reenlisted as a private. While captain, his regimental surgeon was Dr. Jacob M. Early, but as a private, medical care must have come from the same Dr. Early, now his captain. His only hardship seemed to consist in the burying of five scalped soldiers, and his only bloodshed was that from the bites of mosquitoes. He returned in three months to New Salem, fired with a political ambition that never ceased its urgings. Being now politically minded, he tried for the state legislature; but he was insufficiently known in his county and unseasoned in politics, and was defeated.

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This first political reverse, added to his problem of making a livelihood, became a source of depression to him and a worry to his friends. This is apparently the first of many periods of mental depression so familiar to students of Lincolniana. Among his rapidly growing circle of friends (he possessed a genius for acquiring them) there was a Dr. Jason Duncan who practiced in New Salem for a short time and then moved to Warsaw, Illinois. Duncan is the only doctor of medicine who has left any memoirs of the young Lincoln and is the authority for the statement of Lincoln's marked depression over his situation in the spring of 1833. But friends, headed by Dr. Duncan, maneuvered things so that by May 7, 1833, Lincoln was made village postmaster. He retained this position until May 30, 1836, when the postal business also "winked out" as the little town weakened prior to its eventual extinction.

His small post office income was soon amplified by another stipend. The Black Hawk War had advertised Illinois, and as immigration increased there was an increased demand for surveying. John Calhoun, county surveyor, was in need of a deputy and the studious Abe was promptly appointed before he knew a rod from a line. In six weeks of close application, working all day and far into the night, he mastered the book on survey-

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ing lent him by Mr. Calhoun. This he did with the loyal help of that unsung hero of Lincoln's New Salem days, the pioneer schoolmaster, Mentor Graham. Now we find the two great men of the town much together, Graham the teacher, and Lincoln the student. But these hours of work and study left him hollow eyed and ill looking. His friend, Dr. Duncan, offered warnings as well as help in his studies. He it was who introduced to Lincoln the poem that forever after has been considered his favorite, beginning: "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Illustrating one of many ways by which young Lincoln made and cemented friendships is the story of his meeting with a young physician, Dr. Charles Chandler from Woodstock, Connecticut, who in 1832 had entered one and a half sections of Sangamon land near the town later known as Chandlerville. According to an unwritten pioneer law, this gave him an option on 80 acres adjoining his own. A friend and neighbor from Connecticut was offered one-half of these choice 80 acres by Dr. Chandler as an inducement to locate near by, but the friend wanted the whole of it and announced his intention of immediately driving to Springfield to enter it in the land office for himself. Dr. Chandler borrowed some extra currency, quickly saddled his horse, and started by a shorter

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and more familiar route to the county seat. When a few miles from Springfield, he overtook two men on horseback and while resting his horse, explained his need for haste. One of the two men became indignant and offered to lend him his fresher mount, but Dr. Chandler with much appreciation of the offer declined it as unnecessary and hurried on to beat his selfish friend by an hour.

Some time later, Dr. Chandler, on summoning Calhoun's deputy to survey his lands, was surprised to find him the same man who had offered to swap horses. When years later he related this story to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. S. L. B. Chandler, he closed with the statement, "I became a Lincoln man then and I have been one ever since." Mrs. Chandler adds that this was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between the two men and accords with the facts of Father Chandler's substantial aid in Lincoln's campaign for the presidency and his being his guest at the first inauguration.

Following Mr. Lincoln's term in Congress he remained in the East for a while campaigning for Zachary Taylor, the Whig candidate for the presidency. Dr. Chandler was able to contact Mr. Lincoln with Eastern friends and relatives of influence, especially his brother-in-law, the Honorable Linus Child, chairman of the Whig Central Committee, who personally introduced Mr. Lin-



[DR. CHARLES CHANDLER



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coln at a Lowell, Massachusetts, meeting; and more particularly with another relative, Henry Chandler Bowen, editor of the *New York Independent*, who became active in originating and promoting the invitation, in 1860, to Mr. Lincoln, to deliver a lecture in New York City. This lecture became famous as the Cooper Institute Speech, which was largely instrumental in paving the way to the Republican nomination in Chicago.

Another physician resident in New Salem about 1829 was a Dr. Francis Regnier, who lived and died near the banks of the Sangamon and who had a large share of the county practice. He resided for a short time only in New Salem, moving three miles away to Clary Grove, a neighboring settlement, and finally to Petersburg. Dr. Regnier was a fat, eccentric and witty man. When his horse once ran away with him, he stuck his big leg out of his sulky against a sapling to check the horse and had his leg broken. While it was being set he kept the surgeon and helpers roaring with laughter at his stream of wit. There is no record of his contact with Lincoln in New Salem, but it is highly improbable that such a man would fail to be attracted by, and to, the story-telling Lincoln. That they were acquainted at this time may be inferred, however, from the fact that later Mr. Lincoln tried a lawsuit for Dr. Regnier.

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Another acquaintance was Dr. Newton (or Richard E.) Bennett at whose tavern young Lincoln often stayed but of whom there is no information other than that he was the first doctor to locate in Petersburg. Seven miles away was Dr. David Meeker who located at Indian Creek in 1832. He too would seem to have been an inevitable contact since he was a schoolmaster as well as a practicing physician.

Abe was liked by all of his acquaintances, so politics easily became his profession and a seat in the state legislature a matter of waiting only for the next election. But during that time he was busy making friends, and fighting and whipping all comers with pugnacious intent, even subduing the notorious Clary Grove gang. He studied, debated, performed feats of great strength, and fell in love, at first secretly at a distance and then, with a clear field ahead, openly and ardently.

The love between Ann Rutledge and young Lincoln was a beautiful but short poem of spring flowers, hopes, plans and tragedy. In the spring and summer of 1835 in central Illinois there were heavy rains followed by great heat. This, as the early settlers correctly believed, contributed to malaria, "bilious fever," "brain fever," and typhoid fever. We now know that those weather conditions were favorable to the rapid breeding of

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mosquitoes and flies and they in turn were responsible for malarial and typhoid fevers. Ann probably suffered, as most of the settlers did, from malaria; but as some of the old contemporaries of New Salem asserted that she died of "brain fever" and some called it typhoid, we may assume that it was typhoid because so many others, including her father, died of fever that summer. There was quinine to combat malaria but those who survived typhoid fever did so in spite of their doctors.

Ann's death was a tremendous shock to her young lover, then in the rainbow mists of his first great love, and it came when he was least prepared physically to meet it. He had been suffering from chills and fever every other day for some weeks prior to Ann's illness, but with the help of Peruvian bark, boneset tea, jalap and calomel he was able to help nurse the stricken, make calls with Dr. Allen and even to construct coffins. Added to this strain came the gripping worry of Ann's illness and the final agony of her passing. He returned from the little Concord burial plot at Sand Ridge, we are told, bowed down with heart-ache, and deserting the haunts of men, he wandered about over the hills and through the woods and by the river banks. There grew in him a bitter antagonism toward the God he believed in, for he had been taught that death was often the direct act of a wise God as

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punishment to loved ones, dead or alive. Thus befogged with grief and resentment, he neither ate nor slept, and again his friends became alarmed, this time for his reason.

His good friend, Dr. John Allen, a wise man as well as a skillful physician, took him in charge. He explained that death was always caused by natural agents, by fixed laws made in the beginning of things. Lincoln was quick to react to the preposterous assumption that the Creator of the universe would single out his unimportant self for chastening. Dr. Allen then conspired with the hospitable wife of Bowling Green, whose cabin still leans by the highway, to care for the distracted fellow. Aunt Polly took him in and mothered him until he became himself again, and until, as Dr. Allen ordered, he had passed three consecutive weeks without a chill.

There existed a mutual affection between Lincoln and Dr. Allen that makes necessary a word concerning the doctor. He was a man of medium height and of light frame, and he walked with a slight limp. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College and he came to New Salem about 1830, purchased a lot on Main Street from the herb doctor, James Pantier, built a three room log house, and soon became the busiest physician in that general community, and New Salem's leading citizen. In



F. J. Butler

[DR. JOHN ALLEN, EARLY FRIEND OF LINCOLN]



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professional ability he ranked with the eminent Dr. Gershom Jayne of Springfield and Dr. David Prince of Jacksonville. He was deeply religious. His medicine saddle-bags always laid at the end of his church pew ready for the next sick call. His mind was the uncompromising one of a crusader. He believed in keeping Sunday as a day for rest and religion. Yet not unmindful of human needs, he compromised the difficulty of practicing his profession on the Sabbath by donating to his church all fees received for work done on that day.

He organized the first Sunday School and the first temperance society pledged to total abstinence from intoxicating beverages. Tradition says that when defending a belligerent group of local pioneer Carrie Nations of Petersburg, Lincoln pointed to Dr. Allen, who, with his money and his presence, helped to support the cause of these angry wives, and said, "There sits the man to whom I am indebted for my ideas upon the liquor question, and I desire publicly to acknowledge the same and to say that I am glad, yes, very glad indeed, that I ever met him."

The doctor was also a good business man. He was a silent, or non-active, partner in the store of canny John McNamar, the first favored suitor of Ann Rutledge. His clever method of collecting fees is worth noting. Money was scarce among the early

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settlers so he accepted dressed hogs at the market price, cut them into lard and bacon, built a smoke-house of his own design, and in the spring shipped the cured products by river to St. Louis and New Orleans, where he obtained cash. In 1840, when New Salem failed, he moved two miles away to the new town of Petersburg and died there about 1860.

Dr. Allen was greatly respected for his strength of character and was none too popular with many because of his decided anti-slavery principles and his constant vigorous protest against the universal drinking habits of the time. It is said that he exerted a greater moral influence than all the preachers in his community. Looking at this friendship, it is safe to conclude that no man, certainly no medical man, ever exerted a greater and deeper influence on Abraham Lincoln than this shrewd, strong principled physician.

Dr. Allen's name suggests that of his Petersburg associate, Dr. Cabanis, and that name, in turn, recalls Dr. Cabanis' subsequent partner, Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson, graduate of Rush Medical College and later Major Stephenson, surgeon in the Fourteenth Illinois Regiment and known to history as the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic. That Dr. Stephenson had ideas and courage is suggested by the advertisement of his intention to limit his practice to those who paid

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their bills, for he inserted the following announcement in the *Menard (Co.) Index* for March 15, 1860: "B. F. Stephenson, M.D., will continue the practice of medicine and surgery in Petersburg to all those who WILL PAY him."

We may now assume that to all outward appearance Lincoln was soon well in body and mind, for within the year we find him conducting a half-hearted courtship with Mary Owen of Kentucky, who was a visitor in the home of her sister, the wife of another friend of Lincoln's, Dr. Bennett Abell. Dr. Abell practiced medicine in the community for many years and, we may easily believe, added to Lincoln's favorable impression of doctors and their profession.

In 1836 Lincoln himself recorded a period of illness lasting about a week, when he wrote from the state capitol, then at Vandalia, to Mary Owen at New Salem:

Vandalia, December 13, 1836

Mary:

I have been sick ever since my arrival or I should have written sooner . . . you recollect that I mentioned at the outset of this letter that I had been unwell. That is the fact, though I believe I am about well now, but that with other things I cannot account for have conspired and have gotten my spirits so low that I feel that I would rather be any place in the world than here. I really can not endure the thought of staying here two weeks.

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This is the third recorded period of marked depression that is to be so familiarly associated with him. Again illness, and Mary Owen this time, are factors in precipitating the depression.

CHAPTER THREE

IN March, 1837, fortified by a certain political prestige acquired at Vandalia as a member of the famous Long Nine assemblymen, Lincoln ambled into the newly made Capitol of Illinois on a borrowed horse, lighter in purse than when he climbed the bluff into New Salem six years before. Springfield was his city of opportunity; he had just received his license to practice law and for the next few years we find him, in the words of Joseph Fort Newton, "making his way slowly, unhappy, and ambitious, alone. Inured to hardship and poverty, rarely ill, being a man of regular habits; wiry and stalwart, beyond the best of western men."

After two lonesome years, 20-year-old Mary Todd came to Springfield from Lexington, Kentucky. Witty, caustic, impulsive and lovable, she soon cast a spell over the younger men of the town. A friend of Lincoln, Dr. E. H. Merryman, wrote a poem about this vivacious lady that finally found its way into the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*. It was inevitable that the now well-known, woman-shy assemblyman should be attracted to her, and by his uncommonness draw the fire of her interest. There soon followed a stormy

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romance and engagement which came to a sudden end on the very day of the scheduled wedding, the "fatal first of January, 1841."

Lincoln was 6 feet and 4 inches tall, homely and gawky, and no one knew it more thoroughly than himself. He also knew that he was deficient in schooling, social grace, and poise. He was not unmindful of the fact that he came from a generation of poor folk and that a link in his near ancestry was missing. Mary Todd came from an old and well-to-do family of Kentucky and she was a part of the socially and politically prominent Edwards family of Illinois. It was inevitable that the shy, conscientious, introspective Lincoln should develop acute fears and forebodings, and that the depression engendered by those complexes, meeting with the compulsion of his desire and his ambition should result in an emotional conflict of a disturbing nature.

The word "fatal" as applied to that New Year wedding date was Lincoln's own. He immediately sank into a deep mire of despondency in which the blue devils harassed his soul. Herndon and others believed him within the mists of insanity, and knives and razors were kept away from him. It is asserted that he himself feared the danger of self-destruction and for that reason carried no pocketknife for months thereafter. However, according to his old friend Orville H. Browning, this

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illness lasted at its worst only a week, during which time "he was incoherent and distraught . . . I think," said Mr. Browning, "it was only an intensification of his constitutional melancholy; his trials and embarrassments pursued him down to a lower point than usual."

It was about this time—early in January of 1841—that Lincoln wrote to Dr. Daniel F. Drake, dean of the medical department of the College of Cincinnati, a man who deservedly enjoyed a splendid reputation throughout the great West. In a long letter, Lincoln described his symptoms and asked Dr. Drake to suggest a line of treatment, but the doctor replied that it would be impossible to prescribe without a personal interview, which would naturally include a physical examination. Beveridge, in his *Abraham Lincoln* adds this footnote: "Daniel Drake was the author of *Pioneer Life in Kentucky*, so frequently cited in chapter II of this volume. He was about 55 years old when Lincoln wrote him, the acknowledged head of his profession and greatly admired and respected. Few men have had a more brilliant career. Lincoln could not possibly have done better than to have gone to Cincinnati and personally consulted this wise, experienced, and highly educated physician, and it was a serious mistake that he did not do so."

Beveridge seemed to be concerned about a "dis-

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ease" that Lincoln was apparently greatly worried about at this particular time. But the evidence points to nothing other than hypochondriasis, wherein one believes himself to be suffering from some nonexistent disease. The distance to Cincinnati was comparatively great in 1841, and Lincoln evidently considered his condition not sufficiently grave to warrant the time and expense. A record of a physical and mental examination by a man of Dr. Drake's experience and learning would have been of much value, particularly to historians seeking a medical background.

Lincoln had the good sense to turn now to his friend and competent physician, Dr. Anson G. Henry. On January 20, 1841, he wrote to congressman John T. Stuart of Springfield, then in Washington:

Dear Stuart:

I have had no letter from you since you left—no matter for that—what I wish now is to speak of our Post Office. You know I desired Dr. Henry to have the place when you left; I now desire it more than ever—I have within the last few days been making a most discreditable exhibition of myself in the way of hypochondrism and thereby got an impression that Dr. Henry is necessary to my existence—unless he gets that place he leaves Springfield. You therefore see how much I am interested in the matter.

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We shall shortly forward you a petition in his favor signed by all or nearly all the Whig members of the Legislature, as well as the other Whigs.

This, together with what you know of the Doctor's position and merits, I sincerely hope will secure him the appointment—my heart is very much set upon it.

Pardon me for not writing more; I have not sufficient composure to write a long letter.

As ever yours,

A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln now had the diagnosis; and much was made of hypochondriasis in those days. One of the standard medical reference books was the *Encyclopedia of Practical Medicine*, published in London in 1833. In it, Volume II, pages 548–557, some 4,000 words are devoted to hypochondriasis under the subtitles: "Definition and Characteristics of the Disease," "Descriptions of the Phenomena," "Diagnosis," "Causes," "Pathology," "Treatment." Hypochondriasis enjoyed the distinction of being classified as a disease; now it is considered only as a manifestation of a psychoneurotic temperament. Osler's *Modern Medicine* mentions the word hypochondria only to distinguish it from, or rather to associate it with, neurasthenia, a word that is now replaced by the word psychoneurosis.

But whether the condition is termed hypochon-

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dria, neurasthenia, or psychoneurosis, it has fear as a dominant element, and is caused by overwork and worry. As a rule, it is accompanied by varying degrees of emotional depression; the patient is unhappy and is often made so because of a hyper-conscientiousness. The symptoms of psychoneurosis are difficult to describe because they vary greatly and depend largely on the personality of the patient. With our knowledge of Lincoln we can readily picture him during this period of work, worry, fear, inferiority, and other complexes, as suffering from that particular infliction.

By way of treatment, his fears must first be quieted; his nutrition must be improved and, as all physicians from Sydenham to Osler have urged, he must plan for a change of scene and climate, for new faces and novel surroundings. So Lincoln was told of that which ailed him. Lincoln was a man of intelligence, and Dr. Henry must have given him a careful reasoned explanation of his condition. For he referred to his illness correctly as a "nervous debility," and derisively as "the hypo"; and he began to improve.

We shall see now how well Dr. Henry brought his patient along. Three days after writing to Major Stuart, Lincoln finds himself sufficiently composed to write him a long letter, mostly of political matters, and devotes a little more than one para-

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graph to his health. The latter is still quite deplorable, but he is entertaining Dr. Henry's idea of "a change of scene." On January 23, 1841, Lincoln wrote his friend:

Dear Stuart:

Yours of the 3rd instant is received, and I proceed to answer it as well as I can, though from the deplorable state of my mind at this time, I fear I shall give you but little satisfaction. . . .

For not giving you a general summary of news, you must pardon me; it is not in my power to do so. I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on the earth. Whether I shall ever be better, I cannot tell. I awfully forebode I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible; I must die or be better, it appears to me. The matter you speak of on my account you may attend to as you say, unless you shall hear of my condition forbidding it. I say this because I fear I shall be unable to attend to any business here, and a change of scene might help me. If I could be myself, I would rather remain at home with Judge Logan. I can write no more.

Your friend as ever,
A. LINCOLN.

On February 5, 1841, he again wrote to Major Stuart but does not mention his health this time, which is evidence of further improvement.

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The only really intimate friend that Lincoln ever possessed was Joshua F. Speed, the young man who a few years before had shared his bed with the penniless young stranger. Speed had invited him to visit his home in Louisville, Kentucky, to which place, as soon as his work permitted, in mid-summer, the still distraught man fled. A few luxurious weeks of changed climate and scenery on that Southern plantation, a bit of mothering from the parent who presented him with an Oxford Bible as something "good for the blues," the tonic companionship of the sister and the sympathetic understanding of the friend himself were as a "balm in Gilead" to him. He returned with his friend to Springfield, once more restored and set on his feet.

Yet there had been an annoying fly in the balm. He had had a bad time with a Louisville dentist. In a long, interesting letter to Speed's sister, Mary, he writes:

" . . . when we reached Springfield, I stayed but one day, when I started on this tedious circuit where I now am. Do you remember my going to the city while I was in Kentucky to have a tooth extracted and making a failure of it? Well, that same old tooth got to paining me so much that about a week since I had it torn out, bringing with it a bit of the jaw-bone, the consequence of which is that my mouth is now so sore that I can neither talk

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nor eat. I am literally 'subsisting on savory remembrances.'"

By the middle of October, he was again busy in the game of politics and in the pursuit of his profession. And though his mind continued to brood, time and work, the great palliatives, were having their way. So that when he wrote to Speed, who had gone again to his Kentucky home, on February 8, 1842, "You know the hell I have suffered on *that point*," he could add, "I have been quite clear of 'hypo' since you left; even better than I was along in the fall."

And then on the thirteenth, he postscripts another letter, "I have been quite a man since you left." And so he was. During June, Martin Van Buren, the former president, was entertained in Rochester, Illinois, by a group of politicians which included Lincoln, who "kept the company convulsed with laughter till the small hours of the night." Mr. Van Buren later stated that he had never spent so agreeable a night in his life. And in September—over some newspaper chaffing of the Honorable James Shields, which involved Mary Todd and her friend Julia Jayne—he "fought" the broad-sword duel with two-fisted Dr. Merryman as his second. But his nimble wit turned a serious affair into a farce.

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Lincoln, indeed, seemed to be himself again. But shrewd Dr. Henry evidently was thinking of a more complete cure for his hypochondriacal patient. By fall, in the home of a certain incorrigible match-maker of Springfield, Lincoln and Mary Todd were once more brought together. Dr. Henry's efforts were soon rewarded; for on November 4, 1842, in his thirty-third year, Lincoln and Mary Todd were quietly "united for better or worse." As William E. Barton so aptly expresses it: "These two people who were so divinely created to irritate each other, were also constituted in such fashion as to be necessary to each other's comfort and peace." Abraham Lincoln was an introvert and Mary Todd an extrovert! One week later he wrote a friend: "Nothing new here, except my marrying, which to me, is a matter of profound wonder." From now on, Lincoln had something to think of outside of himself. Mary Todd Lincoln saw to that.

Lincoln's attack of hypochondriasis was secondary to his "forebodings" over Mary Todd, and had as an underlying predisposing factor, a psychoneurotic temperament.

CHAPTER FOUR

EXCEPT for frequent lapses into his habitual fits of dejection, precipitated mostly by political setbacks and minor annoyances, Lincoln, during the ensuing fifteen years of discipline and development, did not suffer any other intense shock to his mental equanimity until the death of his favorite son William in 1862.

This depressive phase in his character has always been a source of much interest and speculation to his friends and to students of his life. Jesse W. Weik, who collaborated with William H. Herndon in the writing of Herndon's *Lincoln*, has the following to say concerning that phase:

"The most marked and prominent feature in Lincoln's organization was his predisposition to melancholy or at least the appearance thereof, as indicated by his facial expression when sitting alone and thus shut off from conversation with other people. It was a characteristic as peculiar as it was pronounced. Almost every man in Illinois I met, including not only Herndon but John T. Stuart, Samuel H. Treat, James C. Conkling, James H. Matheney, David Davis, Leonard Swett and Henry C. Whitney, reminded me of it. No one was able to determine what caused it. Stuart and Swett attributed it to defective digestion; in fact,

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Stuart told me and Herndon that Lincoln's liver failed to function properly. 'It did not secrete bile,' he said, 'and his bowels were equally inactive. It was this that made him look so sad and depressed.' That was my notion, and I remember I talked to him about it and advised him to resort to blue-mass pills, which he did. This was before he went to Washington. When I came on to Congress in 1863, he told me that for a few months after his inauguration as President, he continued the pill remedy, but he was finally forced to cease because it was losing its efficacy besides making him more or less irritable."

Inquiry on this subject among Lincoln's close friends convinced Weik that men who never saw Lincoln could scarcely realize this tendency to melancholy, not only as reflected in his facial expression but as it affected his spirits and well being. Robert L. Wilson, who was a member with Lincoln of the Illinois Legislature in 1836, wrote thus to Herndon, February 10, 1866:

"Mr. Lincoln told me that although he appeared to enjoy life rapturously, still he was the victim of terrible melancholy. He sought company and indulged in fun and hilarity without restraint or stint as to time; but when by himself he told me that he was so overcome by mental depression he never dared carry a knife in his pocket, and as long as I was intimately acquainted with him

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previous to his commencement of the practice of law, he never carried a pocketknife."

The above is copied from the original manuscript signed by Wilson, delivered to Herndon, and by him turned over to Weik. Along with it came this reference to Lincoln's peculiarity, in Herndon's hand:

"As to the cause of this morbid condition, my idea has always been that it was occult and could not be explained by any course of observation and reasoning. It was ingrained and, being ingrained, could not be reduced to rule or the cause assigned. It was necessarily hereditary, but whether it came down from a long line of ancestors and far back or was simply the saddened face of Nancy Hanks cannot well be determined. At any rate, it was part of his nature and could no more be shaken off than he could part with his brains. Simple in carriage or bearing, free from pomp or display, serious, unaffected, Lincoln was a sad looking man whose melancholy dripped from him as he walked."

Lincoln suffered from chronic constipation more or less all his life, which may possibly explain his fondness for apples, but scarcely the trait under discussion. Herndon came nearest to the truth when he termed it occult. If our modern psychoanalysts could have studied Lincoln at first hand; if Freud or some student of his teaching, which has

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introduced a new world of thought in unconscious motives, had lived in Springfield, we might now be closer to an understanding of Lincoln's personality and its development.

In 1919, Dr. L. Pierce Clark read a paper before the New York Psychiatric Society in which he offered Lincoln's attachment to the mother ideal in the form of his own mother as the origin of the unconscious motives involved in his benign depressive psychosis. He reminds us of the lack of sympathy between father and son; of Lincoln's intense love for his mother and devotion to his step-mother; his shyness and indifference toward other women; and finally, at the age of 25, his love for Ann Rutledge and profound depression following her death; his incomplete mental adjustment to Mary Todd as a bride and after the advent of their children, a "mitigation of the uxoriousness of the marriage tie." He further suggests that some of the love not requited in the marriage state was expressed by Lincoln in the affectionate companionship between himself and his third son, William, whose mere presence was an immense comfort to his father.

The final great emotional crisis in Lincoln's life was caused by the death of his favorite son in February, 1862. Lincoln shut himself away from family and friends in a darkened room, and gave

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evidence of such depth of despair as to terrify Mrs. Lincoln, who sent for help. This time he again turned to religion for solace. What had seemed to be only a form of speech and a fine method of literary expression now changed into a new or reborn faith in the Supreme Being as a personal God. From this time on, though his body and brain grew steadily more tired, his soul went marching on. Frank B. Carpenter, the artist who lived for six months in the White House, referring to Herndon's conception of Lincoln's negative religious faith, said: "After his election Mr. Herndon knew little of him and absolutely nothing of his mental and spiritual condition before the sickness of his son Willie nor after Willie's death, and I must say that Mr. Lincoln's mind underwent a vast change after that event." Dr. Clark sees a further stilling of the conflict in Lincoln's soul by a possible reconciliation toward his own father as well as toward his spiritual Father, with both of whom he had always been in subconscious antagonism; and so we find that "Lincoln at last accepted a religious outlet as a means of unconsciously solving a large part of his regressive relations with life which had heretofore taken the form of intensive and prolonged depressions."

There is too little known of Lincoln's early life and he was too reticent concerning himself to

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justify the conclusion that mother fixation was the cause or among the underlying causes of his depressive make-up; but we can more safely agree with Dr. Clark, that the cure dated from the time of his boy's passing and that it was of a definite spiritual religious nature. And we may further infer that the cure was complete and would have continued so, even through the tragic era of the reconstructive period, had he outlived it.

Lincoln's athletic-asthenic physique, suggestive of a schizoid (dual) personality, his keen sense of humor, his constant bubbling over with jokes and stories in such marked contrast to his frequent lapses into mental depression, his melancholic aspect when alone and in thought, the several spells in which his spirits sank to a lower ebb than usual, and the severe depressive reaction to his love plight with Mary Todd form the material out of which have been molded the various impressionistic images in psychopathology of this remarkable man.

The psychiatric study of Lincoln's character and career will always be interesting and worthy of careful study by unprejudiced men whose minds are well trained in psychoanalysis. The hope of the variant, the balance wheel or stabilizer for any seeming mental deviation from the normal is common sense. So, no matter how interesting any psychoanalytic deductions regarding Lincoln may

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be, there is that well known and supereminent characteristic of his which no psychiatrist can ignore or clever detractor take away. If Lincoln's periods of depression seem to a student of his life to approach or even to invade the border of the pathologic, that student can be reassured that Lincoln's common sense alone, all physiologic, psychologic, or inherited considerations aside, would and did lift him up whenever the emergency arose.

After all, a large share of the world's work, and much of its best work, has been done by psychoneurotics. Lincoln was a psychoneurotic, and that phase of his character went into the mosaic of his intensely interesting personality and was an indissoluble part of his greatness.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE last current of thought suggests another more recent development in medical research—that of endocrinology, or the study of the ductless glands and their unbalance and dysfunction. Some discussion of the subject seems necessary if for no other reason than that one hears nowadays public speakers thoughtlessly refer to disturbances in Lincoln's thyroid gland.

Herndon's description of Lincoln is of the greatest value, not only because he was Lincoln's actual partner, day in and day out for sixteen years, but because, as Jesse Weik states, its value to history arises from the fact that it was prepared for delivery to audiences in central Illinois composed largely of Lincoln's neighbors, people the most competent of all to test its accuracy and truthfulness. It follows in somewhat condensed form:

"Mr. Lincoln was wiry, sinewy, and raw-boned—thin through the breast to the back and narrow across the shoulders. Standing, he leaned forward; was somewhat stoop-shouldered, inclining to the consumptive in build. His usual weight was about 180 pounds (height 6 feet 4 inches). His organization worked slowly. His blood had to run a long distance from his heart to the extremities of his

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frame, and his nerve force had to travel through dry ground, a wide circuit, before his muscles were obedient to his will. His structure was loose and leathery, his body shrunk and shriveled; he had dark skin and dark hair, and looked woe-struck. The whole man, body and mind, worked against more or less friction and creaked as if it needed oiling.

“His circulation was slow and sluggish.

“His forehead was narrow but high; his hair dark, coarse and rebellious. His cheek bones were high, sharp and prominent; his jaws long; his nose was large and a little awry toward the right eye; thin, sharp and upturned; his face was sallow, shrunken and wrinkled, and his cheeks were leathery. His ears were large and ran out almost at right angles from his head. His head was long and tall from the base of his brain and from the eyebrows; the dimensions from ear to ear were $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches and from the front to the back of the brain, 8 inches. The look of sadness was more or less accentuated by a peculiarity of one eye, the pupil of which had a tendency to turn or roll slightly toward the upper lid, whereas the other maintained its normal position equidistant between the upper and the lower lids.

“His legs and arms were very long and in undue proportion to the rest of his body. Sitting in a chair, he was not taller than ordinary men; it was only when he stood up that he loomed above them. He walked like an Indian, with even tread, the inner sides of his feet being parallel, betokening

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caution. He put the whole foot flat down on the ground, not landing on the heel; he likewise lifted it all at once, not rising from the toes; hence there was no spring to his step as he moved up and down the street.

"Thus stood, walked and looked this unusual man."

But there is nothing in this or in any other description to suggest thyroid dysfunction; nor is there aught to suggest disturbance in any other endocrine gland unless it was some overactivity of the anterior lobe of the pituitary gland (at base of brain), beginning after puberty. This may have been a factor in producing Lincoln's unsymmetrical stature—his long legs and arms "in undue proportion to the rest of his body." But because of insufficient data, of a lack of certain indispensable exact observations, this field of study as applied to Lincoln must ever be a most highly speculative consideration; to wander even further afield in an attempt thus to explain his disposition to mental depression would be merely an interesting venture in the realm of fancy. Furthermore, the subject of endocrinology itself is still too shrouded in darkness to make it worthy of consideration in relation to a serious study of Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER SIX

AND now, after the interruption caused by these general theoretic contemplations, we may resume this narrative in some effort at sequence. The first recorded item of medical concern relative to the newly wedded pair is the advent of their first-born child, Robert Todd Lincoln. William E. Barton, D.D., in his *Life of Abraham Lincoln* calls attention to the fact that the first child was born exactly 270 days after that sudden wedding, which, he adds, "tells its own tale of immediate conception." William Barton mentions this because Lincoln entered marriage with a "thoroughly morbid hesitation." To quote him further: "We discover in Lincoln a man of domestic tastes and of pure life, a man who was upright in his relations with women before his marriage, was true to his wife and (was) the father of a family of children, yet whose attitude toward marriage was influenced by a large degree of abnormality."

But the four children came along in "becoming regularity," Robert Todd on August 1, 1843, Edward Baker on March 10, 1846, William Wallace on December 21, 1850, and Thomas Thaddeus on April 4, 1853. And so, whatever of abnormality may have existed in Lincoln's attitude toward the

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marriage relation, here is the evidence that he neither was lacking in virility nor was undersexed to the slightest pathologic degree.

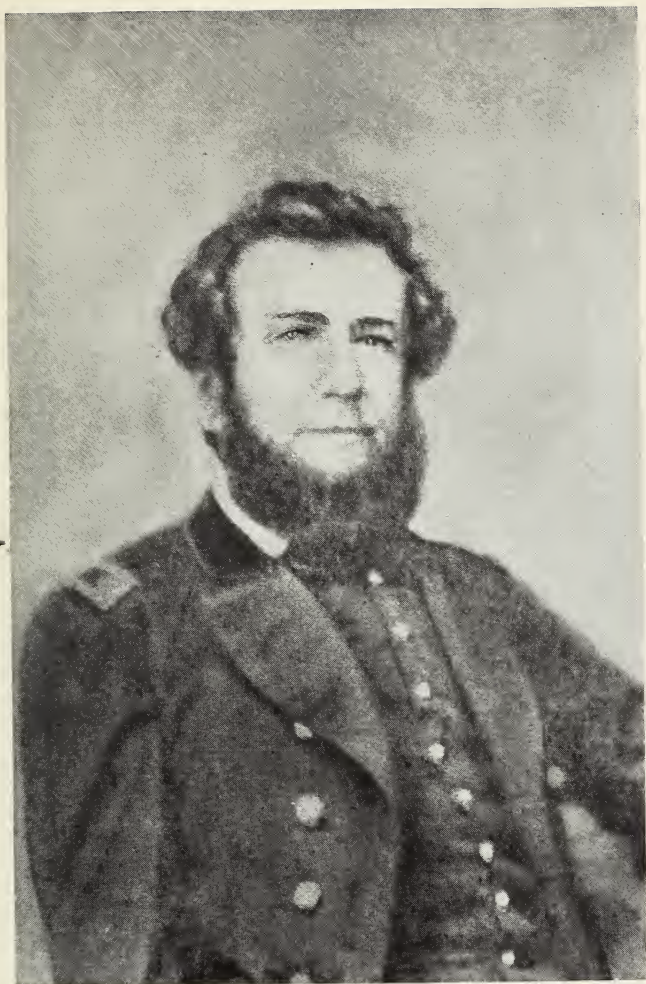
No record can be found of medical attendance at the four births or at the death of the second boy, who died ten months before the birth of the third son, yet we know that Lincoln had friends who were good medical men, and Mrs. Lincoln had two kinsmen, an uncle, Dr. John Todd, and a brother-in-law, Dr. William Wallace, who were in active practice in Springfield. Her younger brother, Dr. George Todd, was a physician in Lexington, Kentucky, and she had grown up in that city, accustomed to the medical attention of Drs. Ben Dudley and Elisha Warfield. Being temperamentally nervous and fearful, she would have been quick to rely on medical aid at the least sign of danger.

Pascal Hatch of Springfield recently uncovered the following note to his father Ozias M. Hatch, secretary of the state of Illinois, which was written by Mrs. Lincoln sometime during the late fifties and which illustrates her quick nervous concern but does not reveal the elusive name of the family physician:

Monday Morning

Mr. Hatch:

If you are going up to Chicago to day, & should meet Mr. L. there, will you say to him, that our



[DR. WILLIAM S. WALLACE]



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dear little Taddie is quite sick, the Dr. thinks it may prove a slight attack of lung fever. I am feeling troubled & it would be a comfort to have him at home. He passed a bad night; I do not like his symptoms, and will be glad, if he hurries home.

Truly your friend,
M.L.

It is of interest to note here that Dr. Wallace, prior to Lincoln's marriage, had occupied the very room of the hotel to which Lincoln brought Mary Todd. The doctor was a successful physician and a cultured gentleman, which is sufficient evidence to refute the implication of Edgar Lee Masters, that the Globe Tavern—at that period one of the leading hotels in Springfield—was not a proper place for a successful lawyer to bring a bride.

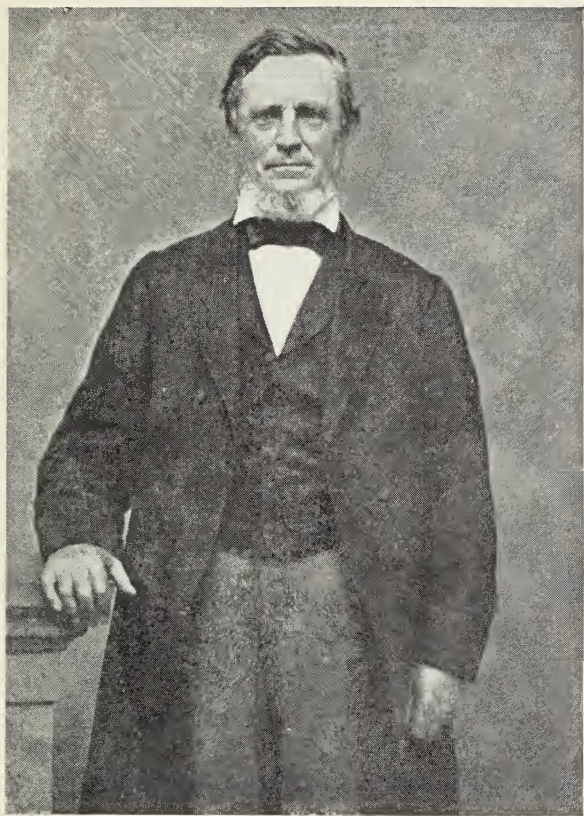
Among the medical men of Lincoln's early days in Springfield was the famous pioneer physician Dr. Gershom Jayne. If Mr. Lincoln did not employ him directly, at least he used the doctor's flatulence remedy, Jayne's Carminative. Dr. E. H. Merryman, previously referred to, had some reputation for pugilistic as well as for professional ability. He was a friend of the young Lincoln and like many another physician of the time suffered from unfulfilled political ambitions. Three years later there appeared the adventurous Dr. Garrett Elkin, who had served in the Black Hawk War,

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later enlisted in the Mexican and the Mormon wars, and incidentally engaged in many little tilts of his own in Springfield. He was sheriff of Sangamon County about 1840 and a staunch liegeman of Dr. Henry.

Dr. William Jayne, a boy in his early teens when Lincoln came to town, grew up into manhood torn between two loves, but one finds him making good with both. He succeeded to the practice of his father, Gershom Jayne, and soon became well known medically and politically. In the November election of 1860, he triumphed over a strong Democratic rival for a seat in the Illinois senate, and in 1861 President Lincoln appointed him, at the age of 35, territorial governor of what is now Montana, Idaho and the Dakotas. He returned later to the practice of medicine at Springfield, where he died in 1916, at the age of 90. From his boyhood days Dr. Jayne was an admirer of Lincoln and he left many valuable contributions to Lincolniana.

Another of the early physicians, whose name is familiar to the reader, was Lincoln's old and unwavering friend Dr. Anson G. Henry. He was born in 1804, was a student under Dr. Drake in Cincinnati and was a member of the Illinois State Medical Society; he was also a prominent citizen of Springfield, an uncompromising Whig and Re-



[DR. ANSON G. HENRY]



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publican, and the active—perhaps too active—head of a commission of three to build the first Illinois statehouse. He had the temerity to fight by way of editorial columns with the brilliant Stephen A. Douglas and generally busied himself in politics. June 24, 1850, President Taylor appointed him Indian agent of Oregon Territory, and in 1861, President Lincoln appointed him surveyor-general of Washington territory. During those eleven years and the succeeding four, he kept up a correspondence with Mr. Lincoln, and after the assassination Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Henry continued the friendly letter writing in an exchange of sympathy in their mutual bereavement; for Dr. Henry, while returning to his home from New York City in the summer of 1865, was lost at sea off the northern California coast in the tragedy of the steamship, *Brother Jonathan*.

Dr. Henry was a loyal, lifelong friend of both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. During the perturbed courtship, he was always close to Mr. Lincoln, watching over him, advising him medically, and finally succeeding in his efforts to reunite the estranged couple. He had made two trips from his home in Olympia, Washington, to Washington, D. C., in 1863 and 1865, and each time he was a heartily welcomed guest in the White House.

John R. McBride, whom Lincoln appointed

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Superior Judge in 1865, described in the *Portland Oregonian*, his first call on President Lincoln when he went to Washington as Congressman: "After reading a letter of introduction from Dr. Henry which I handed him, Mr. Lincoln said, 'What a great big hearted man he is. Dr. Henry is one of the best men I have ever known. He sometimes commits an error of judgment, but I never knew him to be guilty of a falsehood or of an act beneath a gentleman. He is the soul of truth and honor.' He then related a number of stories of the day when he and Baker and Henry ran the politics of Sangamon County."

In 1863, Dr. Henry was in Washington on business, which included the formation of the new territory of Idaho, and a dispute in the northwest over a collector of customs. Mr. Lincoln dated a card March 21, 1863, and wrote on it, "Will the Secretary of the Treasury do me the favor to hear my old friend Dr. Henry briefly, about Victor Smith." In 1865, Dr. Henry's business was more personal. On March 17, with Congressman McBride, John W. Forney and Abram Wakeman, he dined with the President, and later in the evening he and McBride were Mr. Lincoln's guests at Ford's Theater where they sat in the box that, one month later, became the scene of national tragedy.

No friend was more utterly crushed by grief at

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sight of the dead president than Dr. Henry, and no one's sympathy to the stricken widow was so consoling and helpful. As a member of the family, he rode in the funeral procession to the Capitol and then remained with or near them until June, when he performed one last service for the harassed widow by writing a letter to the Lincoln Monument Association at Springfield, advocating in a tactful and conciliatory manner acceptance of her insistent demand that her husband's body remain buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery instead of in the city plot approved by the committee. When Mrs. Lincoln heard, a short time later, of the death of the doctor, she immediately wrote to Mrs. Henry that "my sons and myself consider we have lost our best and dearest friend." And so he was to the distracted Mrs. Lincoln; and so he was—certainly of all those numbered in the medical profession—to Abraham Lincoln.

Other members of the early Illinois State Medical Society who were known to Mr. Lincoln were Drs. Alexander Shields, Meredith S. Helm, Charles Ryan, Rufus S. Lord, Sanford Bell, Fletcher Talbot, C. F. Hughes and E. S. Fowler. Dr. Samuel Long, also of good standing, abandoned the practice of medicine when President Lincoln appointed him consul at Havana. In this group should be included Drs. Henry C. Barrell and J. N. Dixon

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and Dr. J. L. Million of Pleasant Plains, nearby.

Others whose names were found on the pages of Diller's day-book were Drs. A. Taappe, A. M. Browning, Raback, Morehead, Grismore, Price and Kyner. These men all frequented the place where Lincoln so often "loafed," and were unquestionably acquainted with him. Yet another Springfield friend was Dr. A. W. French, with whom Lincoln took a course of lessons in German; but it is said that he soon wearied of the effort.

Between 1840 and 1850, when cholera ravaged Illinois and yellow fever wormed its way up the Mississippi River, men of various "schools," from the homeopath and the eclectic to the herbalist and the itinerant Indian doctor, came to Springfield. The first homeopath was Dr. Ferdinand Kuechler who built up a large practice, especially among women and children. A little later, Dr. J. A. Vincent arrived and became mayor of Springfield. The first herb doctor was a Dr. Higgins and then came Dr. John D. Freeman, who built the original St. Nicholas Hotel, and Dr. Henry Wahlgemuth who also made his way into the ranks of prominent citizens.

Outside of Springfield there was Dr. John Logan, a physician of skill and a man of character. He was the father of General John A. Logan. Dr. Logan was the Democratic member of the legislature from

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Jackson county in southern Illinois from 1836 to 1848, and a warm personal friend of Lincoln. During the year 1836, Lincoln and the other eight of the Long Nine (representatives from Sangamon county, all of whom were six feet or over) began their successful campaign to secure the removal of the state capital from Vandalia to Springfield in Sangamon county. This was accomplished through the necessary aid of another political group headed by Dr. Logan. Later (Feb. 5, 1839), as chairman of the Committee on Counties, Lincoln was chief surgeon at the operation of accouchering a new county from big Sangamon. As an expression of his personal regard for, and his county's gratitude to, Dr. Logan, he seized this opportunity to honor the assemblyman-doctor by christening the infant county, Logan.

And there was Dr. Robert Boal of Lacon, who presided, June 4, 1850, at the first meeting and organization of the Illinois State Medical Society. With him came Dr. S. G. Thompson. Lincoln already knew Dr. Boal well and had considerable correspondence with him of a political nature, relying on his aid, as he wrote, "because of your position and standing." Likewise, he knew and corresponded with Drs. William Fithian, Thomas Conant and Charles Wallace. Surely he knew the physician, Dr. N. S. Freeman of Farmington, Illi-

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nois, who cared for his father Thomas Lincoln and his stepmother Sarah Bush Lincoln during their last years and days. Then, too, there was Dr. Richard F. Adams of Lee County, a staunch and conspicuous pro-Lincoln man. He was a skilful physician and a capable politician. He helped organize the Republican party in Illinois, was the first Republican to sit in the Illinois Senate, and was the first on the roll-call of the combined house and senate meeting of January 5, 1859, to vote for Abraham Lincoln for the United States Senate. During the Civil War he rendered devoted aid to President Lincoln in the Illinois legislature.

Further evidence of Lincoln's cordial relations with the doctors is afforded by the well known letter which, with a twinkle in his eyes, he wrote to Dr. (and later Judge) Franklin Blades. After his admission to the bar in 1858, Blades wrote to Lincoln, asking for the use of his name as a reference, but neglecting to explain his change of profession. Lincoln, being in doubt as to the identity of Dr. Blades, wrote him as follows: "I do not know whether you are Doctor Blades or not. If you are Doctor Blades, you may use my name; if you are not Doctor Blades, if Doctor Blades says you may use my name, you may do so."

Mention should be made also of Lincoln's friend Dr. Samuel C. Busey of Washington, who sat

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across from him at the boarding-house table of Mrs. Ann Spriggs in Carroll Row on First Street, where he lived as Congressman during 1848 and 1849. Great credit is due Dr. Busey for most of the available data concerning Lincoln's life in Washington while a member of the Thirtieth Congress.

When Lincoln first came to Springfield there were eighteen doctors located there. This number grew with the population, and of the number in and about Springfield and throughout the state there were a great many whom he knew socially, politically and casually. These men were medical school graduates and undergraduates, and some were schooled by experience in the corner drug stores. But to Lincoln, the politician, a doctor was a doctor, and medical advice was accepted with but little discrimination as he journeyed over the Eighth Judicial Circuit and about the state.

Isaac Diller, son of R. W. Diller, the Springfield druggist and good friend of Lincoln, relates that during the Civil War his father unsuccessfully sought a position as hospital steward at the large military camp just outside the city. He was refused for reason of inadequate medical training. In reply to his appeal, President Lincoln unofficially wrote back that as R. W. Diller had given him many a dose of medicine it would seem that he ought to be skilled enough to do the same for the soldiers.

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Illness in his family, however, was cause for nicer discrimination in the choice of a physician. Mary Lincoln's uncle, Dr. John Todd, one of the founders of the Illinois State Medical Society, was along in years, according to Isaac Diller, and probably was not employed in a medical capacity by the Lincolns. Mr. Diller states that Dr. William Wallace was his own family physician and he is quite sure that Dr. Wallace was also the Lincoln's family physician and that Dr. Helm was called at times. The *Chicago Tribune* on January 11, 1861, referred to Doctor W. S. Wallace as Mr. Lincoln's family physician. Dr. Helm, a graduate of the Baltimore Medical College, had a fine reputation, especially in obstetrics; both men, as well as Dr. William Jayne, lived near the Lincolns. So we may infer that Mrs. Lincoln and the children were well cared for by competent medical men.

The second son, Edward, died of diphtheria on the morning of February 1, 1850. Lincoln wrote his stepbrother that the boy had been sick fifteen days. In that pre-antitoxin day, diphtheria was a terrifying ordeal to all parents. "We miss him very much," did not express the Lincolns' deep, disconsolate sorrow. With Robert they left for Lexington where Mr. Lincoln came across a volume entitled *The Christian's Defense* by James Smith, D.D. This attracted his attention as the author

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was the minister of Springfield who had conducted the funeral services for his boy. After his return to Springfield, he sought an interview with the minister, who later stated: "I found him much depressed and downcast at the death of his son and without the consolation of the Gospel." Lincoln borrowed a copy of Reverend Smith's book and soon after rented a pew for Mrs. Lincoln in the First Presbyterian Church. This digressive story is interesting when considered in connection with Lincoln's more effective remedial turning to religion after the death of his third son William.

CHAPTER SEVEN

SOME of the illnesses in the Lincoln family during the fifties might be found in the old record books of the Diller Drug Store, held in Springfield, secure and unobtainable. But a peek at them some years ago by Jesse Weik revealed the following items purchased by Lincoln in 1852:

Aug. 7	To prescription15
" 11	" calomel powder. .	.10
" 14	" Pennyroyal.10
" 23	" bot. carminative. .	.25
" 30	" bot. carminative. .	.30

From this we may conclude that the children were suffering from colic and were treated for it in the wrong, old-fashioned way.

However, the genial Isaac Diller still retains one of the old daybooks of the drugstore including the years 1857, 1858, and 1859, which he kindly permitted me to scrutinize. On October 8, 1857, the youngest child was $4\frac{1}{2}$ years old, but Lincoln was still purchasing a bottle of carminative for 25 cents. On October 26, the children needed syrup of ipecac for a cough and chest cold and another bottle in November. During 1858, his busy year of politics, there is only one item found:

242—Ab. Lincoln	
To adhesive plaster.10

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In 1859, "A. Lincoln" is found thirteen times—often for drug store sundries, but on St. Valentine's Day somebody was suffering:

242—A. Lincoln
To bot. cast. oil..... .25

And then the usual sequel to an "upset stomach" developed—the ubiquitous cold! Four days later occurred the entry:

242—A. Lincoln
To Brown's mixture..... .25
Cough candy..... .10

On May 21, 1859, he bought a tonic—a bottle of Allen's Restorative for \$1.50 and on Tuesday, September 6, there is an interesting entry:

242—A. Lincoln
To bot. Dead Shot..... .25
bot. Lub. Extract..... 1.00
pt. Spt. camphor..... .35
1 oz. glycerine..... .25

The last item was new at that time and was used as a sweet lubricant for sore throat and huskiness of the voice. The spirits of camphor, as now, was rubbed on the chest. Lubin's Extract was a perfume, and the bottle of Dead Shot was a favorite "sure cure" for an unpopular house guest that respected neither prominence of person nor the homes on the best streets—Cimex lectularius.

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On Saturday, September 10, Mr. Lincoln was again back at Diller's for another household friend—a popular cathartic of the times:

242—A. Lincoln
To box of Wright's pills.25

But of peculiar interest are two entries in 1859 for June 3 and 13:

242—A. Lincoln
To bot. brandy 2.00

242—A. Lincoln
To bot. brandy 2.00

This was not an uncommon item of drug store purchases by Lincoln during the fifties, but it is the only record at Diller's for these three years. The purchase of two bottles in ten days is difficult and unnecessary to explain. We know of Lincoln's personal attitude toward liquor and that on February 22, 1842, in a temperance address before the Washington Society, he said: "Physicians prescribe it in this, that, and the other disease," and "the victims of it are to be pitied and compassionated just as the heirs of consumption and other hereditary diseases."

He said many other things against intemperance. He had early acquired a strong prejudice against the cup with the alcoholic urge. He had seen that cup in action in Spencer County, Indi-

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ana, and along the Ohio, Mississippi and Sangamon rivers. When 18 years old, his sister, Mrs. Aaron Grigsby anticipated her first baby. The nearest doctor lived only two miles away, but he was objected to because of his inebriety. Yet on January 20, 1828, because Sarah's need was sudden and terrifying, a messenger was dispatched for this doctor, who arrived helplessly intoxicated. Sarah's father-in-law, Reuben Grigsby, then hurried the 4 miles to Little Pigeon Creek and across it into Warwick County for Dr. William Davis. The creek was rapidly rising and on Grigsby's return with Dr. Davis it was so swollen that they had to cross some six miles farther up near Dale, Indiana. When they finally reached Sarah, she and her baby were dead. What an impression that tragedy must have made on our sensitive young man. About this time, he was reading the columns of a certain Cincinnati weekly devoted to temperance, which was loaned him by a neighbor, William Wood; all this prepared him for the later influence of his New Salem friend, the militant water-drinker, Dr. John Allen.

There is an abundance of evidence that Lincoln practiced total abstinence, but the aforementioned list of purchases shows either that Mrs. Lincoln desired the bottles for the ever popular brandy sauces (mincemeat was not made in June) or that

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they had some medicinal use for it. Possibly Lincoln used it for external purposes, a method which he learned from Mrs. George P. Floyd of Quincy, Illinois. After the sixth debate with Douglas at Quincy, Lincoln was utterly exhausted and, as George P. Floyd, proprietor of the Quincy House, relates, he almost collapsed. He was taken by his friends to his room in the Quincy House and laid on a lounge. Lincoln expressed the fear that he might have to give up the race, that he was "mighty nigh petered out." Mrs. Floyd came in and, after observing the tired man, suggested a "rum sweat" at which Lincoln protested that he never drank a drop in his life. But after assurance that it was for external use only, he was willing, in his extremity, to take a chance. So he was stripped and seated on a cane-bottomed chair and covered with blankets. Then a pan of New England rum was lighted and placed under the chair. This started a perspiration, after which he was put to bed and the sweating continued under more blankets and with the help of hot ginger tea. The next morning he appeared bright and early and feeling "like a two year old," vociferous with praise for Mrs. Floyd's treatment. Years later, when Mr. Floyd went to the White House on business, Lincoln recognized his name and said: "Why, I have seen you before, sir. I remember you

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very well. I believe your wife saved my life when I was in Quincy in 1858. Yes, I have taken that rum sweat that she prescribed for me many times and I have prescribed it for some of my friends. It has always been a dead shot.”

In 1854 there was sickness in the Lincoln family of sufficient gravity to keep him from a speaking engagement with his friend O. H. Browning of Quincy; they were announced as speakers at the annual meeting of the Illinois State Colonization Society at the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield but only Mr. Browning was present. “On account of illness in his family, Mr. Lincoln was not present,” records the *Illinois Journal* of January 14, 1854.

Perhaps he was out of town with his dog-bitten son, Robert, for it was somewhere about this time that Lincoln took him to Terre Haute, Indiana, to have the madstone remedy applied. This incident may bring a smile to the reader with his knowledge of the cause and cure of hydrophobia, but it occurred some thirty years before the discoveries of Louis Pasteur, and Lincoln was frightened enough to try almost anything to save his son from the terrifying symptoms of rabies. He explained to Joseph Gillespie that “he found the people in the neighborhood of those stones fully impressed with the belief in their virtues from actual experiment.”

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Even then, it seemed necessary to offer an explanation for his credulity; although he had an orderly, logical mind, he was, by his own confession, influenced by the superstitions of his early life.

During the years as barrister-at-law, Lincoln met many doctors who were involved in litigation of one kind or another and there must have been many legal disputes of definite medical interest, in evidence, of which are the three mute witnesses found in the Lincoln and Herndon law library: Dean's *Medical Jurisprudence*, Taylor's *A Treatise on Poisons in Relation to Medical Jurisprudence*, and *A Synopsis of Practical Surgery*.

One lawsuit for malpractice has recently come to light in which Lincoln figured. In the summer of 1856, Samuel Fleming brought suit in the McLean County Circuit Court against two reputable physicians of Bloomington, Illinois, Drs. Eli K. Crothers and Thomas F. Rodgers, complaining that as a result of their mismanagement of his fractured leg, a disabling shortening of that member had occurred. The wife of Dr. Crothers, also a licensed doctor of medicine, was a daughter of a political friend and client of Lincoln. A well-liked nurse who had formerly served the Lincolns was now a nurse in the Crothers family and Lincoln was assisting her in some property litigation. Moreover, Lincoln was well known in Bloomington; he

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was a frequent visitor there and had purchased a piece of residence property which, in 1887, was acquired by Dr. Marie L. Crothers, then the widow of Dr. Eli Crothers. The property still remains in the possession of her two daughters.

Naturally, the doctors turned to Abraham Lincoln, who promptly agreed to defend them. The trial, through change of venue and a series of continuances, was transferred to the Logan County Circuit Court in Bloomington and delayed until the fall of 1857. In the meanwhile the defendants made good use of the time. They demonstrated to Lincoln that because of the advanced years of the plaintiff the regeneration of bone in the area of the fracture was slow and scanty, thus greatly increasing the liability to shortening; they instructed him in the physiology of bone repair in the young as compared with that in the aged, using chicken bones as illustrations.

When the suit finally came to trial, Lincoln had forgotten much of the medical terminology, and in lieu thereof employed certain comical expressions and used the prepared chicken bones and other illustrations. With his usual wit and adroitness, he had the jurymen "with him," and closed his argument with an earnest plea that the plaintiff, instead of complaining about a slight unavoidable impairment, should thank his God and his doctors

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that he had a leg to stand on, as most doctors would have amputated so severely injured a member. A verdict in favor of the doctors was promptly returned, and the whole costs of the trial placed on the plaintiff.



[PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SPECTACLES]

CHAPTER EIGHT

IN 1856, Lincoln helped to organize the Republican Party in Illinois and by both necessity and inclination did a great deal of reading. Most of it was in fine print and on poor paper, yet he did this without glasses until the year 1857, when presbyopia overtook him and compelled him to secure reading glasses. These he purchased in a diminutive jewelry shop in Bloomington, Illinois, while shopping with Henry C. Whitney, who writes that Lincoln bought his first pair of spectacles for $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents, remarking that he was 48 years old and "kinder needed them."

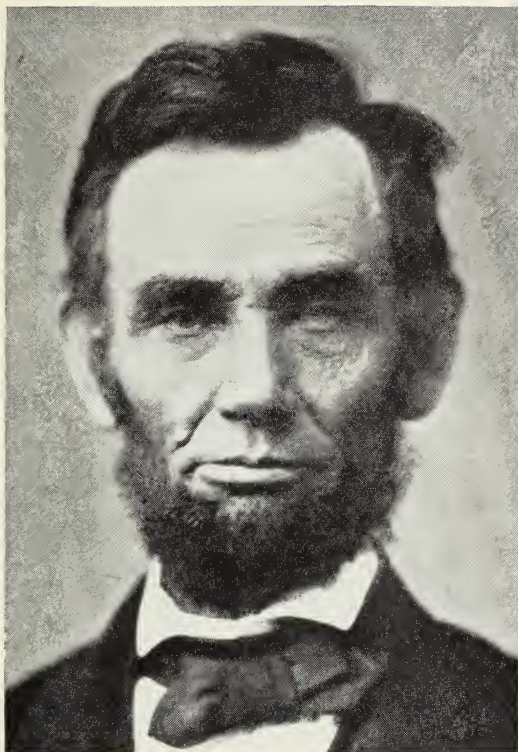
This is an indication that Lincoln was blessed with eyes that were normal from an optical point of view. However, a pair of spectacles, used by President Lincoln and now in the possession of Oliver R. Barrett has been found to be number 6.75 (diopters) for each eye. A reading strength of 2.5 D is sufficient for the normal eye at the age of fifty and beyond. To one familiar with the subject physiological optics, this pair of reading glasses of (strength 6.75 D) would indicate a high degree of hyperopia (4.25 D of far-sightedness)—an amount of refractive error that would have provoked marked symptoms of eye strain even in one of his

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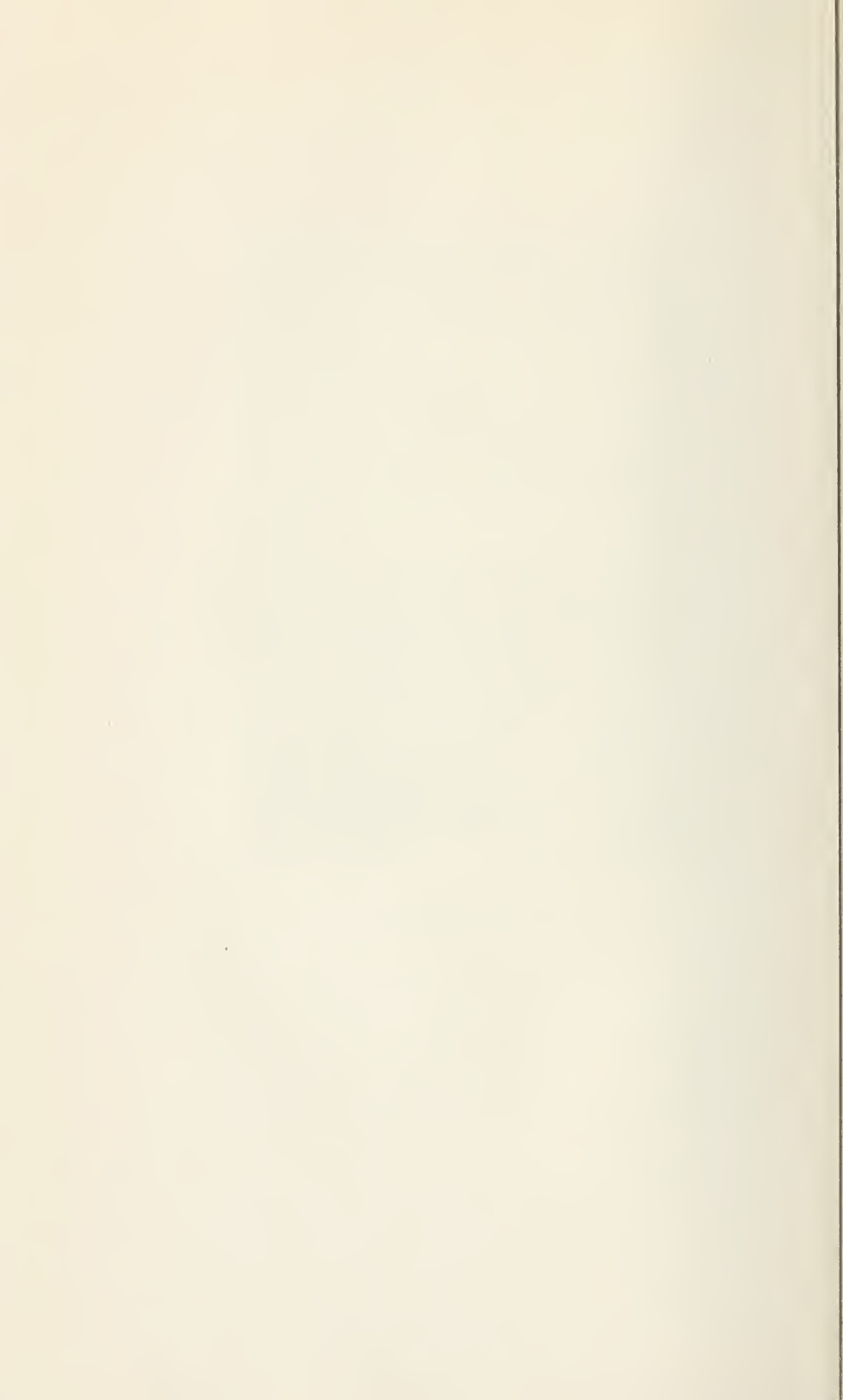
phlegmatic disposition, and after middle age, would have limited his distance vision and have hastened the blur of presbyopia ("old-age" near vision). Yet Lincoln went to his forty-eighth year before attempting to improve his reading vision, whereas the average year for the beginning of the bifocal age is forty-five. This fact is difficult to reconcile with his strong reading glasses, for if Lincoln had been very far-sighted he would have been compelled to seek his first pair of reading glasses earlier than he did.

The probable explanation of the strong glasses is that Lincoln's eyes were quite far-sighted and that when he felt the need of new reading glasses, he sought the customary jewelry store, and there with the assistance of the proprietor, selected a pair of glasses which seemed to meet his needs, and as is usual with that primitive method, greatly over-corrected his visual requirement.

This discussion concerns the eyes themselves, but the ability to make his two eyes work together is a different matter and opens up another interesting field of discussion. In order to obtain single, comfortable vision from both eyes, the muscles that control their position and alignment, vertically and horizontally, must attain almost perfect coordination. When there is a latent degree of lagging of one eye, due to an underacting or over-



[THERE WAS AN APPARENT DEVIATION OF LINCOLN'S
LEFT EYE UPWARD]



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acting set of muscles, there usually develop varying degrees of nervous symptoms, such as eyeache, headache, irritability and even mental depression. When the deviation of one eye becomes apparent, symptoms tend to subside and double vision develops.

Herndon said that "the look of gloom and sadness so often noted in the many descriptions of his countenance was more or less accentuated by a peculiarity of one eye, the pupil of which had a tendency to turn or roll slightly toward the upper lid, whereas the other one maintained its normal position, equidistant between the upper and lower lids." This dissimilarity was noted by others. Dr. T. Hall Shastid, writing in *The Nation* for February 20, 1929, states that his father, who was a young physician in Illinois and knew Lincoln well, noted that the left eye turned up at times.

A casual inspection verified by a careful parallel ruling of full-face photographs of Lincoln will demonstrate an apparent deviation of the left eye upward. If this was a true squint, he must have suffered various discomforts from it, and as such, it would prove to be a definite factor in contributing to and precipitating minor attacks of depression. It contributed, with his drooping lids, to give him his pronounced facial expression of sadness and woe. Also, he actually suffered an attack of diplo-

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pia (double-vision) on at least one recorded occasion. He related the following incident to Noah Brooks and later to his secretary John Hay and to Frank Carpenter:

“It was just after my election in 1860, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day and there had been a great ‘hurrah boys,’ so that I was well tired out and went home to rest, throwing myself upon a lounge in my chamber. Opposite to where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it, and in looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass; but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before, and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler, say five shades, than the other. I got up, and the thing melted away and I went off and in the excitement of the hour, forgot all about it, nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up and give me a little pang as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home I told my wife about it and a few days after I tried the experiment again when, sure enough, the thing came back again, but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was

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a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."

In an address delivered in Portland, Maine, February 12, 1901, Dr. Eratus Eugene Holt referred to Lincoln's optical illusions and pronounced them due to a temporary lack of balance of the external ocular muscles:

"As he lay there upon the couch, every muscle became relaxed, as never before. In this relaxed condition, in a pensive mood . . . all the muscles, that direct, control and keep the two eyes together, were relaxed, the eyes were allowed to separate and each eye saw a separate and distinct image by itself. The relaxation was so complete for the time being that the two eyes were not brought together, as is usual by the action of converging muscles, hence the counterfeit presentment of himself. He would have seen two images of anything else, had he looked for them but he was too startled by the ghostly appearance."

It remained for Dr. S. Mitchell of Hornell, New York, in the *Ophthalmic Record* for May, 1914, to make the first recorded observation that Lincoln must have suffered from a left hyperphoria and hypertropia (vertical deviation). He called attention also to the corrugation of his brow and its

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resulting crow's-feet as one of the common symptoms of muscle unbalance. This article called forth further comments from Dr. E. E. Holt in the same magazine for August.

In 1926, Dr. Edward E. Maxey read a paper on this subject. The double image episode he also attributed to a hyperphoria or cyclophoria of Lincoln's external eye muscles, making that condition explain much of his physical laziness in youth and manhood and his fatigue during the Presidency, and claiming that Lincoln's habit of lounging was an instinctive search for a less tiring position for his eyes.

Dr. Shastid, in his article in *The Nation* previously mentioned, writes interestingly of Lincoln's hyperphoria and also suggests a further defect—color blindness. "To my grandmother who once wished to show him the flowers in her front yard, he said, 'I will look at your flowers, mother, but I really cannot understand what people see to admire in such things. I am somehow deficient.' " Lincoln said substantially the same thing to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Ninian Edwards, who, in the summer of 1862, took him for a stroll through the White House conservatory. He admitted to her that it was his first view of its beauteous contents! It was Lincoln's habit to consider himself deficient in many ways, but it is probable that he meant esthetically and not physiologically deficient.

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Now there is such a thing as an apparent or a simulated squint. Paintings and portraits often show an eye that apparently turns in or out or up, the impression depending on an abnormal relative position of the iris and lid margins, which shows an abnormal amount or position of the white of the eye, sufficient to give one the impression of a squint. The apparent tilting upward of Lincoln's left eye can be explained by the edge of the left lower lid sagging below the level of the edge of the right lower lid, thus revealing more of the white of that eye below the cornea or iris coloring. This gives the impression that the pupil or the iris of the left eye is higher than that of the right, whereas the two pupils may actually be in perfect horizontal and vertical alignment permitting comfortable normal single vision.

If that deviation upward was a permanent error, it was so marked that one must wonder why Lincoln did not complain more often of seeing double, especially during the strain of the Presidency. All things considered, I am strongly inclined to the theory that the Lincoln "squint" was more apparent than real, and that the sole incident of diplopia was the result of temporary excessive fatigue.

In his *Personal Reminiscences*, Dr. William Jayne states that Mrs. Lincoln told him of the double-vision occurrence and her fear of it, but the

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good doctor apparently did not associate the incident with defective or tired eye muscles. One cannot resist the thought that had Lincoln told that double-vision story to one of his well-informed medical friends more familiar with eyes than was Dr. Jayne, he might have been spared that "little pang" instead of worrying over it as a "sign"; yet it seems to make the man more human, and we love him none the less for the old-time superstition of which he was a bit ashamed and against which he fought.

CHAPTER NINE

LINCOLN records in a letter to his old friend, Dr. Anson G. Henry, then in Lafayette, Oregon, that he had suffered from a throat infection. Under date of July 4, 1860, he writes:

My dear Doctor:

Your very agreeable letter of May 15th was received three days ago . . .

Our boy in his tenth year (the baby when you left) has just had a hard and tedious spell of scarlet fever and he is not yet beyond all danger. I have a headache and a sore throat upon me now, inducing me to suspect that I have an inferior type of the same thing.

Our eldest boy, Bob, has been away from us nearly a year at school, and will enter Harvard University this month. He promises very well, considering we never controlled him much.

Write again when you receive this. Mary joins in sending our kindest regards to Mrs. H., Yourself, and all the family.

Your friend, as ever,
A. LINCOLN.

The human-interest portion of this letter is quoted incidentally to reaffirm the existence of the close friendship of the Henry and Lincoln families but principally to record this minor illness of the presidential nominee. It was probably an attack of

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acute tonsillitis, or it might have been what would now be termed a streptococcic pharyngitis. Lincoln must have been subject to more or less trouble then, as Mrs. Lincoln was always so solicitous about his going out without a muffler or something about his throat; or maybe because of his long, stooping thinness, her anxiety was directed toward that "tubercular tendency." We recall Herndon's description, "Thin through the breast to the back and narrow across the shoulders—stoop shouldered, inclining to the consumptive in build." Since much speculation has been in order, we may be pardoned for groping once more in that hazy vista, with the suggestion that a latent tuberculosis, which he feared, might have been gradually breaking loose in his hard-muscled body during the war-harassed days in Washington and might account in part for his haggard, ashen, pale face, his emaciation and his fatigue.

Our stalwart hero by no means felt strong and fit every day of the year, year after year. Lieutenant-Governor Bross of Illinois tells of meeting him in May, 1860, when leaving the Republican convention at Decatur: "I found Mr. Lincoln sitting on a trunk, alone, at the end of the hall, with his head bowed down and leaning it upon his hand. 'I'm not very well,' he said."

Research brings to light other little items of in-

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terest or samples of wit, as when Lincoln referred to a certain section of the South, "where most men are salivated by excessive use of the Charleston Mercury," or when, on the day after the November election, Mr. Lincoln made a jocular statement to Dr. Jayne, who had shown him a telegram: "Why, that elects you, Bill. You seem to succeed as well in politics as you have succeeded in pills. If I were as lucky as you are in politics and strong enough to beat as good a man as Murray McConnell in a Democratic district for State Senator, I would change my sign so that it would read: 'Dr. William Jayne, Purveyor of Pills and Politics. I guarantee the cure of Democratic Headaches and all the ailments of Popular Sovereignty cranks. No cure, no pay'."

CHAPTER TEN

MR. LINCOLN was now President-elect and, as such, a very busy and important man. He soon forgot the unpleasantness of that mirrored double image of himself in his planning and preparations for Washington. He was apparently well and vigorous now, though still a slave to the little calomel pill.

We may be sure that Mrs. Lincoln saw to it that he took his pill, had on his rubbers and mufflers, and carried the cotton umbrella over his head during those wintry days. When he stepped on the special train of the Great Western Railroad, he had over his shoulders the famous gray shawl to protect him from the cold February drizzle. Aboard the train was Mrs. Lincoln's brother-in-law, Dr. William Wallace, the physician in charge of the trip to Washington. For now Lincoln's life, as well as his health, needed guarding. Threats of assassination had been pouring in by word and pen, and a doctor was a necessary member of that party.

Fortunately, the journey was ended in safety, despite hotel meals, winter weather and political enemies; the sun set on that inaugural fourth of March with President Lincoln safe with his family in the White House, physically tired, spiritually

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happy and mentally anxious. We can imagine that first night's sleep as a sound, dreamless rest, refreshing him for the first of those historic days of service to come.

From then on, his body needed all of its native strength and more to resist the pressure of irregular and meager hours for food and sleep, of the swarm of office seekers and busybodies, of the machinations of political friends and enemies, of mighty battles directed by mediocre leaders, and of a million and one little annoyances that so tried his soul. And the public begrudged him even his solacing stories!

Early in the administration, Mrs. Lincoln began her habit of daily drives and insisted as her right that Mr. Lincoln accompany her; it was her only means of getting him out into the fresh air. He was often called to the cabinet room as early as 5 o'clock in the morning and had his coffee sent into him, with breakfast put off until 9 or 10 o'clock and with Mrs. Lincoln fuming about it all. She resorted to many schemes to regularize his meals, even to inviting distinguished guests for breakfast and then sending a definite message that she and company were waiting. A favorite guest of hers was the genial Sam Galloway of Ohio, who was often present at family meals and who delighted in seeing the grim furrows on the President's face soften and

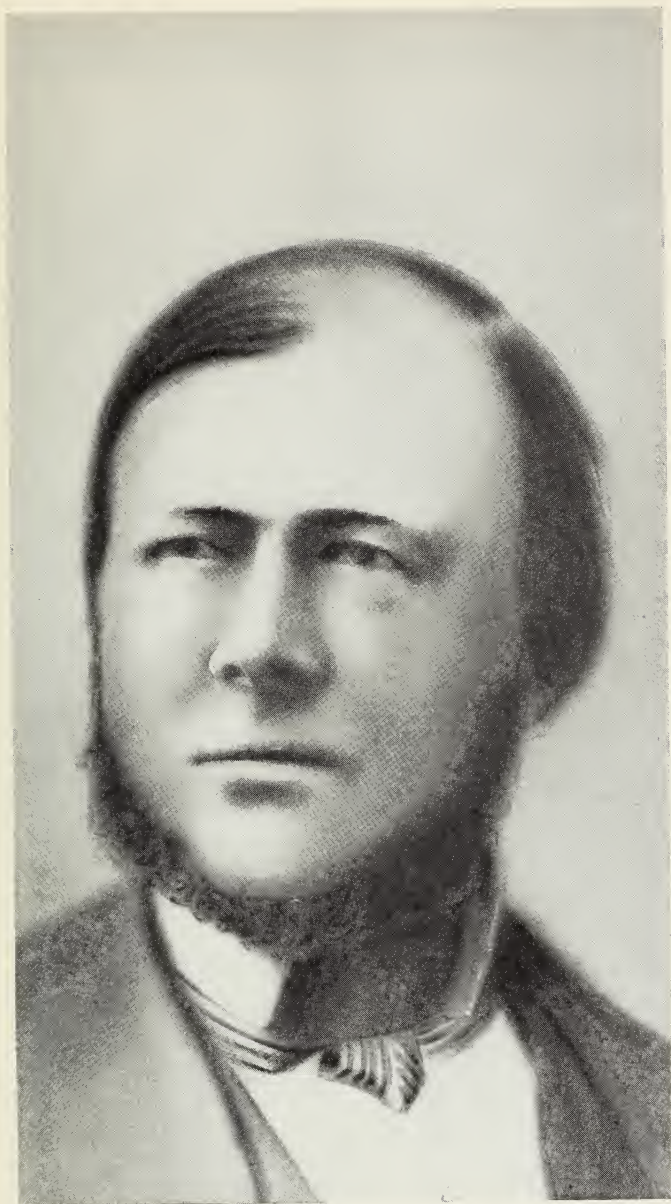
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alter their contour as change of thought and exchange of stories brought laughter. With eyes brightened and face lighted up, the President would leave the table, refreshed to meet the never ending bombardment of his troubles.

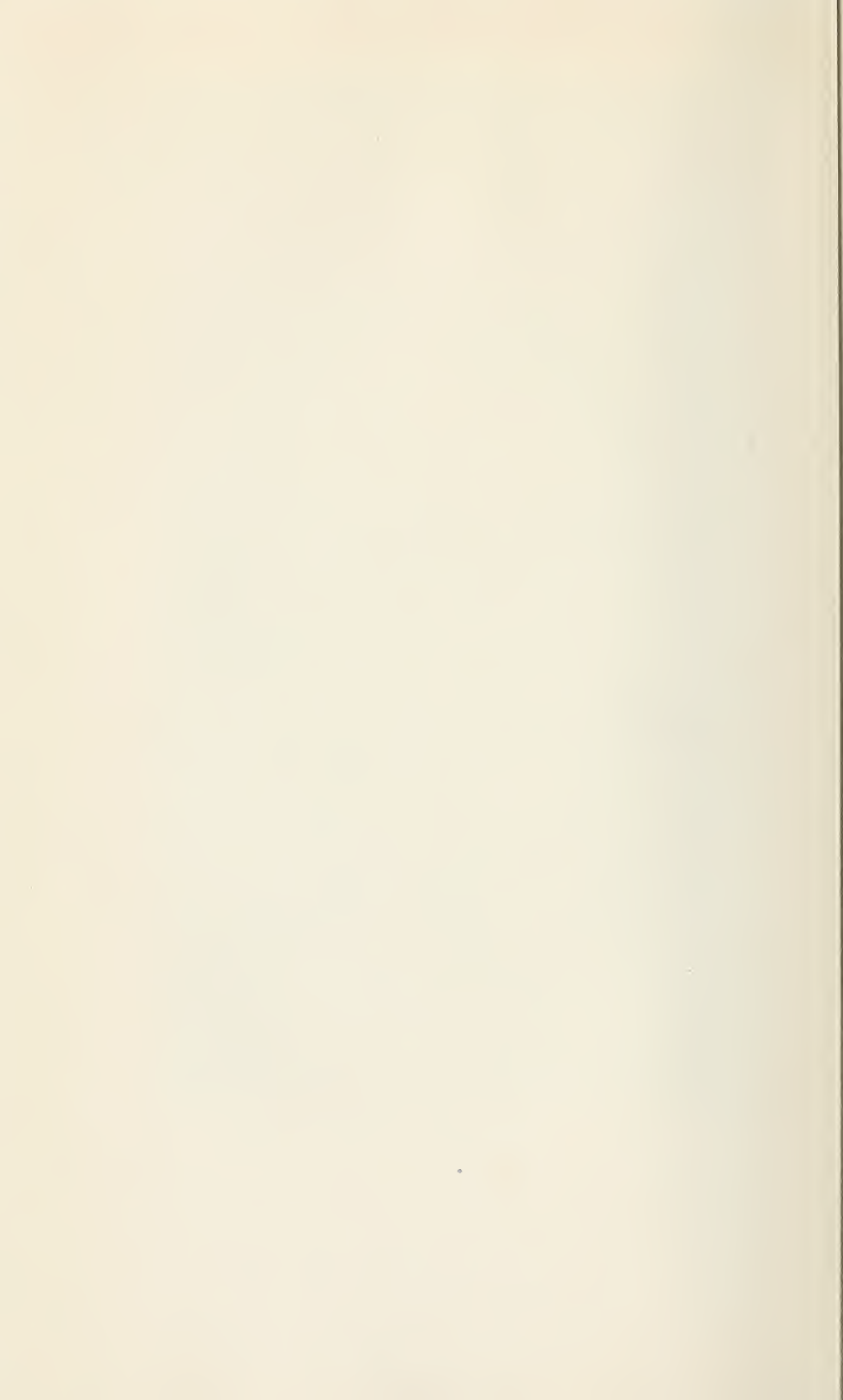
One must credit Mary Lincoln with a good mind and an intelligent use of it when she was quick not only to appreciate her husband's political possibilities in Springfield but now during the Presidency to recognize his greatness and his need for protection against loss of health and strength.

During the first week or two, while threats of assassination were being broadcast, General Scott had placed guards about and in the White House, and a feeling of danger and insecurity permeated the household. One night, every member of the household except the servants was taken suddenly ill, and physicians were hastily called. A rumor of attempted poisoning was started but soon quieted when it was learned that the family had eaten too well of the unaccustomed Potomac shad.

With one tragic exception there was little of serious illness in the Lincoln family. Soon after getting settled down in their new home, the two younger boys suffered an attack of measles, which soon faded without complications. Dr. Robert K. Stone, a prominent physician of Washington, who was listed as a permanent member of the American



[DR. ROBERT KING STONE]



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Medical Association in its transactions after 1851, was selected (though politically unsympathetic) as the family physician and became a more or less frequent caller on the President and his family. Mrs. Lincoln suffered much from attacks of severe headache, and the children had the usual aches and pains of which most children complain. Tad was born with a partial cleft palate, and his pronunciation of certain words suffered accordingly. Judging from photographs, the postnasal cavities of the two younger boys were fairly well occluded with adenoids. But on Thursday, February 20, 1862, the Grim Reaper visited the family. Twelve-year-old Willie, a counterpart of his father in every way except that he was handsome, was an object of intense love, pride and understanding. This can be illustrated by an illuminating incident as told by a relative, Mrs. Grimsley. After a certain tearful scene on the part of Tad, Willie, who was seated at the table with the family and a guest, looked most sorrowfully at Tad and then lapsed into a profound, absorbed silence which Mr. Lincoln would not allow to be disturbed. This lasted ten or fifteen minutes, when the boy clasped both hands together, shut his teeth firmly over the under lip and looked up smilingly into the face of his father, who exclaimed: "There you have it now, my boy, have you not?" Turning to Sam Galloway, he said:

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"I know every step of the process by which that boy arrived at his satisfactory solution of the question before him, as it is by just such slow method I attain results"

This was the boy who became sick along with his younger brother. Tad made a satisfactory recovery, but Willie, who two years before had suffered from scarlet fever and probably acquired therefrom an unappreciated damaged heart or kidney, could not resist the infection. A Washington newspaper wrote of "the illness of the second son of the President, an interesting lad of about 8 years of age, who has been lying dangerously ill of bilious fever for the last three days." The reporter was apparently ignorant of that important boy's name, and he was inaccurate by four years as to his age and by a few days as to the length of his illness.

"Bilious fever" at that time was a term used loosely by the nonmedical public and was no longer found in the publications of the American Medical Association. The disease that is now known as malaria was once called bilious fever, but during the late fifties and the sixties it was more correctly termed intermittent fever and was so referred to in the medical literature of that time. A contemporary impression that the illness was of a malarial nature is indicated by an editorial, entitled "Death of Willie Lincoln," found in the *National Repub-*

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lican of February 21, 1862, which describes his sickness as "an intermittent fever assuming a typhoid character."

The month of February is contributory to "lung fever" (pneumonia) and not at all to bilious or intermittent fever (malaria). If Willie had malaria in February, then it necessarily was an infection acquired during the previous mosquito season, but there are no records which indicate that. Bronchopneumonia would cover whatever even Dr. Stone considered as a bilious or intermittent fever lasting two or three weeks. There was then much medical confusion in distinguishing between malaria, typhoid fever and pneumonia, proof of which exists in the now obsolete terms "typhoid-malaria" and "typhoid-pneumonia." Bronchopneumonia would fit exactly the descriptions of intelligent Elizabeth Keckley, who spent many hours of the day and night by the sick boy's bedside. From her reminiscences, published early in 1868, the following account is abbreviated: "Willie delighted with a little pony . . . insisted on riding it every day . . . weather changeable . . . exposure resulted in cold . . . delicate constitution . . . days dragged wearily by . . . weaker . . . more shadow like . . . severe cold . . . weaker, . . . continued to grow worse . . . Dr. Stone insisted no immediate danger—evening of reception suddenly worse . . . feverish hand . . . labored

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breathing. Morning Willie was worse . . . lingered few days . . . died."

The shock to the mother and father was terrific. Mrs. Lincoln never again entered that sickroom, and Mr. Lincoln sank into a vast slough of grief and despond from which he only partly emerged, when on the following Thursday he again locked himself in his own darkened room and abandoned himself to grief and suffering. The next Thursday he repeated the performance, paced the floor, ate nothing and formulated the foolish resolve to dedicate every Thursday to grief over his son and every father's son that died because of the war. But Mrs. Lincoln, in desperation, sent a friend to him, the Reverend Francis Vinton of Trinity Church, New York, evidently a wise, tactful, convincing doctor of divinity; for Lincoln gratefully assured him: "There shall be no more mourning Thursdays, doctor."

Mother and Father, as they called each other, were mutually alarmed over the other's state of mind. She sought for him the timely aid by which he emerged, and which, strangely, was denied to her. After his recovery, he recognized her peril and, pointing one day through a window to a distant asylum, solemnly gave warning and counsel. To her less stable personality, the loss of the son resulted in permanent injury, but to Lincoln there

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came through that same pain a new birth of healing.

There is much evidence to indicate that Lincoln became a changed man spiritually and was cured of his attacks of great mental depression. Even his cynical friend and biographer, Ward Lamon, attributed his "melancholy" to his lack of religious faith. Mrs. Lincoln once said that her husband thought most deeply on religion on two occasions—Willie's death and the Gettysburg Cemetery Dedication a year and a half later.

President Lincoln seemed to be impressed not only with the historical importance but also with the spiritual significance of the ceremony at Gettysburg. He spent many hours of thought and work in the preparation of his brief address, and his disappointment at the lack of appreciation by the audience and the press lingered for many days. The death of his son William was vitally personal, and the Gettysburg event was vitally patriotic in its poignancy. May we not correctly affirm now that the spiritual uplift received through these two experiences, added to the remedial submersion of his ego in his all-consuming purpose to save the Union, was more than adequate to cure—symptomatically at least—his psychoneurosis?

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE immortal Dedication Address and the incidents of his trip to the historic battleground are well known, but the fact that he returned to Washington ill is little known. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy, wrote in his diary at the time:

I was invited and strongly urged by the President to attend the ceremonials at Gettysburg, but was compelled to decline, for I could not spare the time. The President returned ill and in a few days it was ascertained he had the varioloid. We were in cabinet meeting when he informed us that the physicians had the preceding evening ascertained and pronounced the nature of his complaint. It was a light form, but yet held on longer than was expected. He would have avoided an interview, but wished to submit and have our views of the message.

The *National Republican* for November 28, 1863, contains the following brief editorial, entitled, "Health of the President":

We are glad to be able to announce that the President is much better today. The fever from which he has suffered has left him. Thursday and Thursday night his suffering was chiefly from severe pains in the head. Yesterday, and the day before,

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he was not permitted by his physician to hold any interviews—even with the members of his Cabinet. It is hoped that in a day or two he will gain sufficient strength to resume his official duties.

And again, in Mr. Wells' diary is this reassuring entry: "Tuesday, December 15—Seward and Chase were not present at the Cabinet meeting. The President was well and in fine spirits."

Lincoln became ill on the train leaving Gettysburg, so it is known that he was sick from the very day of the ceremony, November 19, until about the middle of December. Wayne MacVeagh, then a young but already prominent lawyer, was the guest of Mr. Lincoln at Gettysburg and later wrote: "Others then came around him and I did not see him again until on the train on our way home. He was suffering from a severe headache and lying down in the drawing room with his head bathed in cold water."

Varioloid is a mild form of smallpox acquired by the partially immune, so the White House was not quarantined. But the newspapers made something of it, and even the London *Spectator* speculated on the effect on the war of a possible fatal termination, published a brief description of Lincoln's successor, Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, and closed with this contribution: "Let us hope, however, that there will be no occasion for the curious

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medley of associations suggested by the substitution of a Hannibal in the political patriarchate, for an Abraham." Being a portion of the time in bed, attended by Dr. Stone, Lincoln had at least some surcease from the importunities of many seekers. "Now I have something that I can give to everybody," he humorously exclaimed. And though he attended to important matters, he used the smallpox scare to advantage to rid himself of more than one undesirable visitor.

When the President went to Gettysburg, he was distressed about leaving Tad sick in bed. Returning home on the 20th, he wrote to Edward Everett, the orator of the day, that "Our sick boy, for whom you kindly inquired, we hope is past the worst." Mrs. Lincoln either was away at this time or left Washington soon after Tad was "past the worst." Her return early in December was preceded by frequent telegrams of anxiety concerning her ailing husband and son. She reached New York on the 3rd of December, "very tired" and with a "severe headache." She telegraphed for news the next morning, and in spite of a reassuring reply from Mr. Lincoln on the 5th, she sent two more telegrams on the 6th—one to Mr. Lincoln and one to Edward McManus, the doorkeeper, wanting to "know immediately exactly how Mr. Lincoln and Taddie are."

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Was Tad suffering from the same light form of smallpox? The White House prescriptions and drugs were filled and purchased at Thompson's across from the Treasury Building, a drug store that was organized in 1851 and continues to do business at 701 Fifteenth Street, N.W. Unfortunately, all its drug records prior to 1890 have been destroyed. What interesting medical deductions they would have permitted!

In September, Mrs. Lincoln was in New York with Tad, and Mr. Lincoln was trying to inveigle them home with the assurance that the Washington air was "clear and cool and apparently healthy." But later on, smallpox broke out and was a constant menace that fall and winter. Robert Lincoln wished to bring home a chum from Harvard, but on January 19, 1864, his father telegraphed him as follows: "There is a good deal of smallpox here. Your friends must judge for themselves whether they ought to come or not." On March 14, he was in bed again for one day, but he met with his cabinet in his bedroom for a brief session and attended to other important matters.

Even though Mr. Lincoln was once a diagnosed and self-admitted hypochondriac, he was never one to enjoy the comforts of poor health. He was too busy for one thing and too sensible for another.

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He had comparatively few occasions to need his physician and even fewer to require a dentist.

The art and science of modern dentistry is younger than that of medicine and surgery. Not so long ago, a dentist was a fellow creature to be feared, and Lincoln, like all mankind, dreaded pain. He must have cringed under numerous extraction forceps in Illinois; and the heavy-handed dentist in Louisville, Ky., left a wound in his jawbone that eventually healed, but the ache in his memory remained. When he sought a dentist in Washington, he came prepared!

One day in 1862, Dr. G. S. Wolf, 1313 New York Avenue, N.W., but one door next to the church which Mr. Lincoln attended, was honored by a visit from the President, who asked that an annoying tooth be pulled. After the examination, Dr. Wolf selected a pair of forceps, and as he adjusted it to the tooth, Mr. Lincoln exclaimed, "Just a minute, please!" To Dr. Wolf's surprise, the President reached in his pocket for a small bottle from which he took a few deep inhalations and then gave a signal to proceed. Dr. Wolf stated that the contents of the bottle was chloroform and that the extraction of the tooth was practically a painless operation. Dr. Wolf was greatly respected in Washington where he practiced dentistry for many years and, as one of the older dentists of Washington

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who had personally known Dr. Wolf, recently wrote to me, "he was a fine man and would not fake a story."

This incident is especially interesting because it shows that Lincoln practiced the art of analgesia on himself long before that procedure was approved by the medical and dental professions. Analgesia is a word used to denote that state of anesthesia in which the sensation of pain is dulled or lost but consciousness retained. Chloroform was first used in Edinburgh in 1848, by Sir James Simpson to assuage the pains of childbirth. Soon afterward, a young dentist of Chicago, Dr. Austin C. Hewett, conceived the idea of employing it in dentistry, secured a supply from England and successfully tried it on himself for the extraction of an abscessed tooth. He continued to use chloroform in his practice for more than fifty years; and he was the first and a persistent advocate of its useful application in dentistry. Who suggested chloroform to Lincoln? Did he know Dr. Hewett, or had he heard of him, in Illinois?

CHAPTER TWELVE

IN the first chaotic months of the war, the inadequacy of the Medical Department to care properly for the thousands of volunteers pouring into the military camps was sensed by most people outside of the harassed department itself, which seemed completely oblivious of the situation.

An earnest impulse of benevolence swept the country and, under the guidance of Reverend Dr. Henry W. Bellows, Dr. W. H. Van Buren and Dr. Elisha Harris of New York City, rapidly crystallized in the United States Sanitary Commission, the efficient predecessor of the American Red Cross Society. This transformation, however, was consummated only after considerable painful anxiety. Even President Lincoln feared that it might become a "fifth wheel to the coach," but finally on June 9, 1861, Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, reluctantly appointed "a Commission of Inquiry and Advice in Respect of the Sanitary Interests of the United States forces, consisting of H. W. Bellows, D.D.; A. D. Bache, LL.D.; Jeffries Wyman, M.D.; Samuel G. Howe, M.D.; and Robert C. Wood, Surgeon, United States Army. Four days later, President Lincoln wrote on the order, "I approve of the above."

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But the Surgeon-General refused to coöperate. According to L. E. Chittenden, Register of the Treasury, President Lincoln summoned the Surgeon-General to the White House and before members of the commission, he insisted that the department coöperate to the extent of its ability.

Public opinion was the lever adroitly employed by the commission to force Congress to reorganize the Medical Department, which it finally did, April 18, 1862, in a bill entitled, "An Act to reorganize and increase the efficiency of the Medical Department of the Army." One of the first steps taken toward increasing that efficiency was the appointment a week later, on April 25, of William H. Hammond, Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, as Surgeon-General. Much opposition was made to the appointment of so young a man, but President Lincoln was influenced largely by the numerous petitions signed by eminent physicians from all over the North, for he remarked that it was impossible to resist the weight of evidence in the doctor's favor which had been given by the medical profession of the whole country. The commission's choice was vindicated, for Dr. Hammond proved himself to be one of the department's greatest surgeon-generals.

During the Lincoln administration, prominent physicians were obviously the surgeons-general of

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the United States Army and the presidents of the American Medical Association. The former were in more or less frequent communication with Mr. Lincoln, and the latter were known at least by reputation and possibly by contact. Dr. Thomas Lawson, Surgeon-General for twenty-five years, died May 15, 1861, soon after the inauguration, and was succeeded by Dr. Clement A. Finley, who in 1832 accompanied General Winfield Scott to the Black Hawk War and was his chief medical officer during the cholera epidemic which young Lincoln escaped. But Dr. Finley, a good army officer, met a new force in the guise of the Sanitary Commission and was compelled to give way to the young man, Dr. William H. Hammond. And Dr. Hammond, after two and a half years of notable accomplishments, succumbed to the enmity of Secretary of War Stanton and was succeeded by Dr. Joseph K. Barnes. Dr. Eli Ives of New Haven, Connecticut, was President of the American Medical Association for the years 1860-1862, Dr. Alden March of New York for 1863, and Dr. Nathan S. Davis of Chicago for 1864-1865. The real story of the doctors, those in sympathy with and those against the North, has not been and never will be told, for, though the true physician works with personal courage, he does it away from the blare of trumpets; and, too, the struggle of man with disease

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lacks the romantic zest of a fight between man and his fellow.

But the Sanitary Commission, more fittingly, could sound its battle cry. It worked on the departments at Washington, on Congress, on the President and on the sympathies of the people at large. It struck medals and held great fairs in many of the large cities. President Lincoln was invited to speak at these fairs, but he was able to appear only in Baltimore and Philadelphia and possibly in Washington. He was greatly interested in all of them and sent the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation to be sold at auction at the fair in Chicago during August, 1863. He wrote: "I had some desire to retain the paper; but if it shall contribute to the relief and comfort of the soldiers, that will be better."

On October 18, 1862, Surgeon-General Hammond received a communication from Mr. Lincoln, in which it is not difficult to detect a trace of irritation:

Sir:

A Baltimore committee called on me this morning, saying that city is full of straggling soldiers, half sick, half well, who profess to have been turned from the hospitals with no definite directions where to go. Is this true? Are men turned from the hospitals without knowing where to go?

A. LINCOLN.

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Another committee came, this time a medical one, a group of homeopaths, to lay before Mr. Lincoln the advantages offered by homeopathy with its attenuated doses and supplies. After listening quietly, as was his wont, he dismissed the disciples of Hahnemann with a witty and effective though rather rough comparison, which expressed his idea of the futility of their system as applied to the needs of the Medical Department. He already had his ideas of that system of the art of healing, for in the great debate at Quincy on October 13, 1858, where he berated Douglas for his theory of popular sovereignty, he said: "Is not that running his Popular Sovereignty down awfully? Has it not got down as thin as the homeopathic soup that was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had starved to death?" And on February 12, 1861, in a speech to the Indiana legislature, in referring to the professed lovers of the Union with their affection showing thin and airy, he said: "If sick, the little pills of the homeopaths would be much too large for them to swallow." So it is safe to conclude that his physician, Dr. Stone, was not a homeopath.

But Dr. Stone was a Democrat and disagreed politically with his distinguished client. Unfortunately, he left no reminiscences of his contacts with his patient; but Frank Carpenter was one day at work in his improvised studio when Dr. Stone

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strolled in and, while gazing at a painting of the President, said with much feeling: "It is the province of a physician to probe deeply the interior lives of men; and I affirm that Mr. Lincoln is the purest hearted man with whom I ever came in contact."

This is particularly interesting testimony when considered in relation to his alleged questionable story telling. These stories, though often undignified, were always witty, well told, and expressive of a thought or an idea that he wished to convey. He was always quite solicitous about that. In his message to Congress, July 4, 1861, is this sentence: "With rebellion thus sugar-coated they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years." When the Congressional printer criticised the word "sugar-coated" as undignified in an historical document, the President insisted that it be left alone as the American people would always know exactly what sugar-coated meant.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

WHEN time and opportunity permitted, Lincoln always accounted it a privilege to visit the sick and wounded in the military hospitals because he was vitally interested in their welfare. Dr. John H. Britton, Major, U. S. Volunteers, relates the following incident: "Once I amputated at the shoulder joint the arm of a soldier in a hospital in Washington, which the President was visiting at the time. He was greatly interested but evidently had little fondness for surgery. At the conclusion of the operation, a younger surgeon, who had been watching me, expressed with some enthusiasm and in a voice audible to the President, his congratulations upon the operation and I remember well being startled by the voice of the President behind my back making the solemn inquiry, 'But how about the soldier?' "

The President's penchant for social contact was restricted by his official duties, but Mrs. Lincoln had time and energy to express their mutual sympathies. From the beginning of the war she was a constant worker in and for the camps and hospitals. After the loss of Willie in February, she spent the summer of 1862 at the Soldiers' Home, mourning over her son and visiting the hospitals. Papers

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of the South, in derision, referred to her as the Yankee Nurse, but the friendly *Daily Morning Chronicle* of November 29, 1862, contained the following item on her return from New England: "Mrs. Lincoln returned to Washington on Thursday evening, apparently much improved by her visit to the North. The sick and wounded soldiers in our hospitals will hail her return with joy."

The following summer on one of her morning visits, July 2, 1863, her coachman fell from his accidentally dislodged seat when he drew up before Mount Pleasant Hospital. As the frightened horses dashed away across the open space, Mrs. Lincoln sprang from the carriage. She was badly shaken up and painfully bruised, especially from a bleeding gash on the back of her head which had struck a stone. This injury terminated her hospital work for the remainder of the year, which she spent mostly away from home, thereby adding to the accumulation of general criticisms, mostly unjust, which flew at her like steel clippings to a magnet. Yet all this benevolent activity was done without benefit of press agent—quietly and generously.

And there was a great abundance of the sick and hurt for the President and his wife to visit. In Washington alone there were twenty-five hospitals, totaling 21,426 beds aside from some post hospitals; two of the latter were located on the grounds

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of the Executive Mansion, and one was close by. In addition to his great interest in the boys themselves, the President gave much thought to hospital construction and one hospital in particular was he anxious to see erected as a model for others. To the doctors in charge, he offered suggestions for various aids to comfort, contributing from his own purse for that purpose. He sent the White House gardener with seeds and plants to embellish the bare surroundings. The largest military hospital in Washington, containing 2,575 beds and consisting of twenty-five or more detached pavilions arranged "en echelon," was named the Lincoln General Hospital; opened in 1862, its medical director was Surgeon Henry Bryant, who in time was succeeded by Drs. G. S. Palmer, Harrison Allen, Robert Bartholow, J. Cooper McKee and Webster Lindsley.

The Lincoln General Hospital was a temporary war structure. When the President died, *Harper's Weekly* began a campaign for a popular subscription to erect a permanent hospital for the soldiers and sailors, who, as stated in its issue of April 29, 1865, "had no more tender and faithful friend than Abraham Lincoln. . . . To a man of his broad and generous humanity no monument could be so appropriate as a Hospital." Though the idea met with popular sympathy, the project was never consummated.

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During the campaign of the Army of the Potomac near Washington, Lincoln made frequent visits to the battle-fields and saw the wounded and the dying, and on his way to and from the Soldiers' Home, he often passed long lines of ambulances laden with the sick and wounded. These sights always contracted his heart with pain and made him long the more for peace. On a memorable visit to City Point on the James River, Mr. Lincoln announced to the surgeon in command of the large hospital there that he wished to visit all the soldiers in his charge. The surgeon, Edward S. Dalton asked the President if he realized what that meant, as there were more than 5,000 in the various wards. But Mr. Lincoln "guessed he'd go as far as he could anyway." After some hours of visiting, hand-shaking, and pleasant inquiries, Mr. Lincoln returned with the medical staff to the surgeon's office, when an orderly came in saying that one ward had been overlooked and the boys wanted to see the President. The surgeon tried in every way to dissuade him but failed. Returning to the office, the surgeon became solicitous about Mr. Lincoln's arm after so much hand-shaking; but with the pardonable pride of all strong men, Lincoln strode over to where an ax lay against a log, and for a few minutes made the chips fly; then he extended his right arm and held the ax horizon-

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tally. A hospital steward, while Mr. Lincoln drank the glass of lemonade he had made, gathered the chips "that Father Abraham chopped."

Adelaide W. Smith, independent worker for the Sanitary Commission, relates that on one occasion, while Lincoln was visiting at City Point the sick and wounded of the 9th, 6th, 5th and 2nd corps and the Corps d'Afrique, Jerome Walker, a young man connected with the commission, who later became a physician in Brooklyn, said, pointing to some tents close at hand, "Mr. President, you do not want to go in there!"

"Why not, my boy?" he asked.

"Why, sir, they are sick rebel prisoners."

With a hasty movement the President replied, "That is just where I do want to go," and he strode into the tent, shaking hands and offering words of comfort, to the great surprise and pleasure of the Confederates, who eagerly responded to this cordial gesture.

On another occasion, while he was with General Grant, the general said, "These are the Confederate quarters," and Mr. Lincoln immediately replied, "I wish to go in there alone."

Though all this tended to increase his natural sadness, yet it was a change from his great duties and nervous cares; instead of carping critics and questionable friends, he met young men who loved

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and idolized him, to whom he was "Father Abraham." So these visits to city and field hospitals, though depressing in their way, were at the same time good for both body and soul.

Certainly he needed this change, for those days offered but slight chance for recreation or exercise. What there was of physical recreation consisted of "driving out," but even that mild overture to health was neglected when Mrs. Lincoln was away. In the summer of 1863, he wrote her as follows: "Tolerably well. Have not rode out much yet, but have at last got new tires on the carriage wheels and perhaps shall ride out soon"—a message that promised but little by way of obedience to "orders." Misunderstanding would have met any effort to play a little, even if he had been disposed to indulge in handball, billiards, bowling, or throwing horseshoes, as he was fond of doing back in Illinois. When urged to take a vacation for a fortnight, he replied, "Two or three weeks would do me no good. I cannot fly from my thought; my solicitude for this great country follows me wherever I go."

Mrs. Lincoln, Dr. Stone and friends finally prevailed to the extent of a summer residence three miles from the Executive Mansion on an elevation at what was then termed Soldiers' Rest and is now one of many such soldiers' homes. Here he escaped the greater heat of the city and could enjoy the

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cooler breeze of that quiet place. Here he could rest and muse and think uninterruptedly and, incidentally, drape his long legs over the furniture in masculine comfort.

Abraham Lincoln was human and suffered from the torments of civilized feet—corns and callouses. An engaging individual with an air, whom the President addressed as “Doctor,” one Isachaar Zacharie, cared for those large feet so successfully that Mr. Lincoln gave the chiropodist an autographic testimonial of his skill. At Soldiers’ Rest, however, he could shed his constringent shoes and even his carpet slippers, and enjoy those famous blue woolen socks of his.

Nevertheless, each day, he was back at his desk or haunting the telegraph office and Secretary Stanton’s room in the War Department close by. Sleepless nights and protracted days were pulling his habitual low blood pressure lower; anxiety and worry were urging the pressure upward and sclerosing his arteries.

Little wonder that in serious company and in serious times he fell back on his love for jokes, stories and laughter. On September 22, 1862, he urgently called all members of his cabinet together to consider a matter of supreme importance—and then he read to his amazed confreres a humorous story; yet no one laughed but himself. After trying

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another with a similar response, he put Artemus Ward away and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh, I should die, and you need this medicine as much as I do!" Then, with a sigh, he pulled a paper out of his deep hat and read to his astounded listeners the first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation! He repeatedly said he would die if he did not laugh, and so on all and any occasions, at meals, at congenial gatherings and at solemn conclaves, he would be "reminded." Thus his keen sense of humor was constantly at work in mitigating the debilitating oppression of the rebellion which he so feared he would not survive.

One of these reminders, which is of some interest in this story, followed the announcement of the cause of the absence of General W. W. Morris, one of his invited guests to Gettysburg. Turning to his Postmaster-General, Lincoln said, "Blair, did you ever know that fright has sometimes proved a sure cure for boils?"

"No, Mr. President, how is that?"

"I'll tell you. Not long ago, when Colonel —, with his cavalry was at the front and the Rebs were making things rather lively for us, the colonel was ordered out on a reconnaissance. He was troubled at the time with a big boil where it made horseback

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riding decidedly uncomfortable. He hadn't gone more than two or three miles when he declared he couldn't stand it any longer, dismounted and ordered the troops forward without him. He had just settled down to enjoy his relief from change of position when he was startled by the rapid reports of pistols and the helter-skelter approach of his troops in full retreat before a yelling rebel force. He forgot everything but the yells, sprang into his saddle and made capital time over fences and ditches till safe within the lines. The pain from his boil was gone and the boil too, and the Colonel swore that there was no cure for boils so sure as fright from rebel yells and that the secession had rendered to loyalty *one* valuable service at any rate."

No doubt he enjoyed telling this story to his medical friends and acquaintances and to certain of his official colleagues, many of whom were sons of doctors, such as his private secretary, John Hay, Vice-President Hamlin, Secretary of State Seward, Secretary of War Stanton, Speaker of the House Colfax and others.

There are many autograph notes concerning doctors, which are now carefully preserved, consisting of requests and orders, all written in his usual courteous style. Among these are his orders to Dr. John P. Gray to examine Dr. David M. Wright

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and Private Lorenzo Stewart as to their sanity; his notes assisting Dr. E. K. Stone to introduce Dr. Kidwell's new antiseptic, and Dr. Worster to introduce Harmon's Sandal Sock, to the Army, and his messages helping some through a difficulty, granting favors to others, and seeing to it that one received deserved approval and another merited punishment.

These telegrams and scribbled notes are replete with human interest. It was a source of satisfaction to assist an anxious wife in the search for her husband, Dr. Joseph J. Williams, a Confederate prisoner, but the affair of Dr. Wright brought to him only pain. In addition to a letter, dated September 10, 1863, giving specific detailed instructions to Dr. Gray in his hope of establishing insanity in the case of Dr. Wright, there are the following telegrams which reveal a story of hopeless tragedy for all concerned. One was dated October 15, 1863: "Postpone the execution of Dr. Wright to Friday the 23rd instant (October). This is intended for his preparation and is final." The other was dated two days later: "It would be useless for Mrs. Dr. Wright to come here. The subject is a very painful one, but the case is settled." Both telegrams were addressed to Major-General Foster, Fort Monroe, Va., and were signed: "A. Lincoln."

It is often related that Abraham Lincoln was the

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only President of the United States who, while in office, had been under enemy fire. When General Early stormed Washington in 1864, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln visited Fort Stevens to witness the battle of July 11. He, with a "plain clothes man" and a medical officer, stood on a parapet within range of a tree that concealed a rebel sharpshooter who was successful in picking off man after man. Mr. Lincoln refused all importunities to seek safety, until the medical officer was shot down by his side and he was "ordered" off the parapet by the officer in command, General Wright. Did the doctor stand there because of curiosity, or because of the honor and thrill of courting danger beside the President, or because of a generous thought that his bright uniform might have a selective action on a Minié ball? The motive is not as important as the fact that the sharpshooter chose the uniform in preference to the towering silk hat. So here are a cheer and a salute to that unremembered and until now unknown physician, whose name is presented in appreciative retrospect—Dr. C. C. V. A. Crawford, assistant surgeon, 102nd Pennsylvania Volunteers. Dr. Crawford recovered from his wound and was honorably discharged on November 19 of the same year. His hospital cot, we may be sure, was one that Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln did not fail to visit.

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Soon after Lincoln became President, a life insurance expert, Rufus Small, attempted to write a policy on his life, but Mr. Lincoln refused to take the insurance agent seriously and offered this humorous dig at doctors: "I am not ready yet to sell my bones to a physician." His widow and sons would have been saved much humiliation at the hands of Congress if he had "sold his bones," as he expressed it, to a reputable insurance company. However, life insurance was new and Mr. Lincoln lacked confidence in its surety, and possibly, also, his old streak of superstition was a subconscious restraining influence.

But aside from the ever present danger of violence, the burden of his office was steadily doing its work of attrition, disintegrating the rock and iron of his constitution. His old friends were shocked at the change in him. Noah Brooks, who had known him in Illinois, said that the change a few years had made was simply appalling. John Hay wrote that in mind, body and nerves, Lincoln was a different man at the second inauguration from the one who had taken the oath in 1861. Horace Greeley in his weekly *Tribune* of April 22, 1865, said: "When we last saw Mr. Lincoln, he looked so weary and haggard that he seemed unlikely to live out his term."

He aged with great rapidity. When the famous sculptor Augustus Saint Gaudens first saw the life

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mask of Lincoln's face made by Clark Mills in the spring of 1865, he insisted that it was a death mask.

The growing exhaustion of the country was reflecting itself on the face of the President, making it sallow, haggard and dark circled under the eyes. He once said: "I sometimes fancy that every one of the numerous grist ground through here daily, from a senator seeking a war with France down to a poor woman after a place in the Treasury Department, darted at me with thumb and finger, plucked out their special piece of vitality and carried it off. When I get through with such a day's work, there is only one word which can express my condition and that is 'flabbiness'." And yet, when urged to rest, he replied that the tired part of him was inside and out of reach!

Even victories and a brighter prospect did not offer much surcease from the weight of events as they poured on him. Grant was slowly yet surely closing the jaws of his war machine on Richmond, and blood oozed through every tooth of the juggernaut. People were clamoring to have the terrible flow stopped, and Lincoln was feeling the horror of it as never before. Dr. Stone again warned him that his nerves were nearing exhaustion. On February 6, 1865, the Attorney-General stormed in, announcing his decided disapproval of so much par-

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doning of soldiers for desertion. Lincoln jumped up and shouted back at him, "If you think that I, of my own free will, will shed another drop of blood . . ." and then fainted and was put to bed. Dr. Stone ordered him kept there for an entire day and night, and with another warning insisted on more rest and shorter working hours.

This rest was not far off. Soon General Grant invited him to come to City Point for a conference. He accepted, and he took Mrs. Lincoln and Tad with him on the steamer *River Queen*, on March 22, 1865. The river was wide and rough, and when Grant and his staff came aboard at City Point, they were welcomed with his usual cordiality and an apology: "I am not feeling very well. I got pretty well shaken up on the bay coming down and am not altogether over it." One of the staff urged on him a bottle of champagne as the best cure for seasickness. "No, no, my young friend, I have seen many a man in my time, seasick ashore from drinking that very article." But he was now to have a few days of comparative ease and the relaxation of evenings around roaring camp fires.

Events were crowding each other. On March 27, President Lincoln, General Grant, General Sherman and Admiral Porter met in their memorable interview. On April 2, Petersburg fell, and the next day Richmond was occupied. Mr. Lincoln ex-

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claimed, "Thank God that I have lived to see this. It seems to me I have been dreaming a horrid dream for four years and now the nightmare is gone. I want to see Richmond."

The famous trip to Richmond was made in safety, and on Sunday, April 9, the *River Queen* docked again in Washington, and Mr. Lincoln learned Lee had surrendered that day at Appomattox.

Meanwhile, Secretary of State Seward had suffered a severe accident during his absence, and Mr. Lincoln's first act was to visit his sickroom and there relate to him his experience in Richmond. Throwing himself across the bed in boyish abandon, with his head propped in his hand, he told his Secretary of State the story of the ending of the war and then, lifting himself up, he exclaimed, "And now for a day of Thanksgiving."



[COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. CHARLES A. LEALE, REPRODUCED
BY PERMISSION OF HIS FAMILY]

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THAT day of thanksgiving Lincoln had—six whole days of it which transfigured his pale, sad, worn face into one of serene joy. Six days of happiness and planning for the future and on the seventh he was gone! From a sense of duty to the people who expected him, he accompanied his wife and two friends to the theater on April 14, and there with thanksgiving and forgiveness in his big heart, his brain received the bullet from Booth's derringer.

An audience-packed theater was held in momentary, shocked silence as the "regicide" made his dramatic escape, and then seething excitement boiled up throughout the house. Mrs. Lincoln, frantically screaming and calling for help, held the President upright in his rocking chair. Calls for a doctor brought into the box Dr. Charles A. Leale, assistant surgeon, United States Volunteers. Mr. Lincoln seemed to be dead. His eyes were closed and his head had fallen forward. Dr. Leale felt of his pulseless wrist and immediately laid him out on the floor, his head in the arms of Laura Keene, the actress, and then he found a large clot of blood on the left shoulder. This led the doctor to look for a dagger wound. He slit open the coat and shirt

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sleeve but found no injury. On lifting the eyelids, he saw evidence of brain injury, and immediately the clotted wound in the back of the head was revealed. When he removed the clot, the intracranial pressure was eased; shallow breathing and a weak pulse followed.

Dr. Charles S. Taft, acting assistant surgeon, United States Volunteers, was now lifted into the box from the stage and found Dr. Leale bending over the President, attempting to stimulate the respiration by placing his two fingers into the throat and pressing down and out on the base of the tongue to free the larynx of secretion. Dr. Albert F. A. King had also come into the box, so Dr. Leale asked each physician to manipulate an arm while he pressed upward on the diaphragm and under the left lower costal border to stimulate the heart's action. This was followed by an improvement in the pulse and the irregular breathing.

Then fearing the effects of more bodily manipulations during this first stage of profound shock, Dr. Leale attempted further stimulation by forcible in-and-out breathing into the President's mouth, and soon heart and lungs were acting independently of artificial stimulation. Brandy was next poured into the President's mouth, and he swallowed it. As the danger of immediate death was over, bystanders urged that the President be

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removed to the White House, but the doctors insisted on getting him into the nearest bed. So with some difficulty, Dr. Leale supporting the head, Dr. Taft the right shoulder, and Dr. King the left, the stricken Lincoln was carefully carried across Tenth Street to the rented room of William Clark, a boarder in the house of William Peterson, and placed on a four-poster bed at about 10:45 p.m., just fifteen minutes after the shooting.

After an attempt to remove the foot-board of the bed, the knees were unflexed by placing Mr. Lincoln diagonally across the bed; pillows propped up the body to lie in a gently inclined plane. Windows were now raised, the room was cleared, and the patient was undressed in order that the doctors might search for more wounds. None was found. Hot-water bottles, and blankets were sent for, and a large sinapism (mustard plaster) was applied over the solar plexus and entire anterior surface of the body. Examination of the wound was made by using a finger as a probe, but the ball could not be found. Brandy poured between the lips by Dr. Taft caused choking, and was swallowed with much difficulty; another teaspoonful ten minutes later was retained in the throat. The respirations now became labored, and the pulse rate dropped to 44 a minute and was feeble. The eyelids were entirely closed and ecchymotic (discolored); the left

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pupil was greatly contracted and the right widely dilated.

Dr. Stone, the family physician, and a little later, Dr. Joseph K. Barnes, surgeon-general of the United States Army, and Dr. Charles H. Crane, colonel and assistant surgeon-general of the United States Army, came in and took charge of the mortally wounded President. At their suggestion, brandy was again administered, but unsuccessfully, for the last time. During the night, Dr. Neal Hall, with whom Dr. Stone consulted during the last illness of Willie Lincoln, came in, as did other prominent physicians of Washington, such as Drs. C. H. Lieberman and J. F. May. Dr. Beecher Todd of Lexington, a cousin of Mrs. Lincoln, was there through the long night. Others present were Acting Assistant Surgeon Ford and Drs. C. D. Gatch and E. W. Abbott. A detailed record was made by Dr. Abbott of the President's pulse and respirations, Mrs. Lincoln's visits to her husband's bedside and other minor data and was published in the daily papers.

The upper left eyelid was dark and swollen after the patient was put to bed; thirty minutes later the inner angle of the right eye became dark and swollen, and soon there was a double exophthalmus. At 11:30, twitching of the left side of the face developed, which continued for some fifteen to

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twenty minutes, with the mouth pulled slightly to the left side. The intracranial pressure, causing embarrassment to the heart and lung centers, was frequently relieved by removing blood clots from the wound. At 1 a.m., spasmodic contractions of the forearms occurred, and the muscles of the chest became fixed, causing the breath to be held during the spasm, which in turn was relieved by a sudden expulsive expiration.

At 2 a.m., Dr. Barnes attempted to find the bullet with an ordinary silver probe which met an obstruction in the path of the bullet about 2 inches deep. Then a long Nelaton probe was passed beyond the driven-in piece of skull, and the bullet itself was distinctly felt about 2 inches beyond. Passing deeper, the broken segments of the right orbital plate of the frontal bone were felt. The probe was then withdrawn, and no further efforts at exploration were made.

At 5 a.m. the oozing from the wound ceased entirely and the breathing became stertorous and labored. During the last half hour it would cease entirely for a minute and then resume after a convulsive effort; each time those who were gathered about the bed thought it was the end.

The last breath was finally drawn at 21 minutes and 55 seconds past 7 a.m., and the last heart beat occurred at 22 minutes and 10 seconds past the

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hour on Saturday, April 15, 1865. Dr. Barnes' finger was over the carotid artery, Dr. Leale's finger was on the right wrist pulse and Dr. Taft's hand was over the cardium when that great heart made its final contraction. After a full minute of awed silence, Secretary Stanton solemnly made his famous pronouncement, and the Reverend Doctor Phineas D. Gurley knelt in fervent prayer; and so passed from the earth this great man, to live for the ages.

There was nothing more for the doctors to do except to gather for the autopsy, which was held in an upper guest-room in the northwest wing of the White House, at 11 a.m. Saturday, April 15, in the presence of Surgeon-General Barnes, Assistant Surgeon-General Crane, Dr. Stone, Assistant Surgeon Woodward, U. S. Army, Assistant Surgeon Curtis, U. S. Army, and Assistant Surgeon W. M. Notson, U. S. Army, and Assistant Acting Surgeon Taft, U. S. Volunteers. Dr. Leale declined an invitation to be present. He was a young physician (age 23) and his experience through the night was all that he cared to endure. On April 19, the day of the funeral procession to the rotunda of the Capitol, he did not refuse an invitation to join the "Surgeon-General of the United States and Physicians to the deceased," who, by order of the Adjutant General's office, in consideration of their earnest effort to

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prolong the President's life, were given a post of honor immediately in front of the senatorial pallbearers and the hearse. Dr. Leale in 1932, celebrated his ninetieth birthday, dying June 13, and though he was always reluctant to discuss that night which, even after many years brought him only emotional depression, he had reverently saved his creped sword and bloodstained cuffs.

It is unnecessary to give more of the details of the postmortem in these pages than to trace roughly the passage of the fateful bullet now preserved in the archives of the War Department. It entered the cranium through the occipital bone (base), 1 inch to the left of the superior longitudinal sinus (large vein which is at center of base), tore the lateral sinus (large vein which lies horizontally on a level with the center of the mastoid process) and, passing obliquely through the brain, carried large fragments of bone with it for $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and stopped in the right anterior lobe of the cerebrum, just behind the right orbit, fracturing the orbital plates of both orbits. But the anterior dura mater (the thick covering of the brain), lying over the posterior orbital bone, was uninjured. This most unusual double fracture of the orbital plates was decided, and so announced, as being a fracture by contrecoup.

This explanation was generally accepted by the

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medical profession. The London *Lancet*, the foremost medical journal of the time, for June 17, 1865, published an article by T. Longmore, professor of military surgery at the Army Medical School, in which he agreed that the fractures were caused by the brain being driven against the orbital bones by the impetus communicated to the brain by the bullet, but W. F. Teever, F.R.C.S., surgeon to the West London Hospital, disagreed with that opinion because he claimed there could not have been a transmission of force for the reason that the bullet struck the occiput with such velocity as to make a sharp, clean-cut hole, just the size of the missile, and therefore could not have transmitted its motion to the surrounding bone and brain. In his opinion, the bullet was a spent bullet as it struck the right orbit and rebounded without injuring the dura, even as a spent bullet will fracture a long bone, without penetrating the clothes that cover it. He thought the left orbital fracture an extension of the right orbital fracture and that the surgeons would have found that communication by a more minute examination.

We may be sure that a careful search for a connecting fracture had been made. Also, it is quite improbable that a fracture of the thin orbital bone could extend through the heavy sphenoid or the heavy frontal bone to the opposite orbital plate.

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The force called contrecoup is still the best explanation for that remarkable double fracture.

Following the army during the war was a skilful embalmer, named Charles D. Brown, whom Mr. Lincoln had had occasion, in 1863, to refer to as Dr. Brown. This man was of the well known firm of Brown and Alexander. The *New York Herald* for February 22, 1862, contains the following information: "The body of Willie Lincoln was embalmed today by Doctors Brown and Alexander, assisted by Dr. Wood, in the presence of attending physicians, Doctors Stone and Hall, Senator Browning and Isaac Newton. The method of Sagnet of Paris was used and the results were entirely satisfactory to the attendant friends of the family. Thaddeus, the youngest son of the President, is still dangerously ill and fears are entertained that his disease will assume the type which proved fatal to his brother." Whether the title of doctor was by courtesy or degree, this Dr. Brown had gained prominence by his skill and was assigned by Secretary Stanton to embalm the President's body and to care for it on the long rough journey back to the prairies of Illinois, where, with reverence and stately ceremony, it was entombed in the side of a hill near a peaceful brook. Soon a beautiful pile of bronze and granite grew on the crest of that grassy slope, in the mausoleum of which stood a marble

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sarcophagus, to receive (September, 1871) the wonderfully preserved and officially identified body of Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

But before that September event there came on July 17, the body of the White House playfellow, Tad, to join the silent trio on the hill. Mrs. Lincoln and Tad had returned, in the spring, to the home of Robert Todd Lincoln in Chicago, when Tad came down with a severe cold. He was soon sufficiently improved to be moved to the Clifton House. However, the illness proved to be more than a severe cold; Tad became worse and, by June 25, he was a source of much concern to his family and of consultation among doctors. The family's regular physician, Dr. Charles Gilman Smith, was called in on May 23, and Dr. H. A. Johnson served with him from June 18 to July 8, and then Dr. Nathan S. Davis, ex-President of the American Medical Association and co-founder of what is now the Northwestern University Medical School, was called in as a consultant with Dr. Smith, as the patient grew worse.

For the few days after June 9, the boy seemed better, there was less "water in his chest," and his face had lost in part its look of distress. Hope for his recovery was revived, but the hope was short lived. Dr. Davis declared there was no chance for

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recovery. By July 14, the lad was again in great distress and fighting for breath. He continued to fail rapidly during the night, and when morning came he "suddenly threw himself forward on his bed and was gone." It is generally thought that Tad died of typhoid fever, but the foregoing brief evidence would indicate that he had pleurisy with effusion. A witness to this diagnostic observation is an obituary notice in the *Chicago Tribune* of July 16, 1871, which states that, "The cause of his death was dropsy of the chest." Dr. W. A. Evans suggests, with good reason, that a pleurisy which had existed for six months must have been tubercular, especially since Tad was tall and thin and 18.

* * *

To Mary Lincoln, this loss was another reason for her longing to join her babies and husband. On entering the White House she was 42 years of age and approaching or passing through the involutional change that women must endure. In addition to that nervous ordeal and to the mental havoc wrought by the death of Willie, the bitter years of the war brought to her not only great worry and emotional stress but intense personal abuse and—worse than all else—social ostracism. Under that strain her mind or personality, which was not endowed with the common sense or the firm grasp on

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reality that Mr. Lincoln possessed, showed increasing signs of deviation. Always a variant, she now wandered farther from the accepted standard of the normal in human behavior, and, as such, became a poor risk against calamity.

So the shock of that fearful April night in Washington had the immediate effect of throwing her into an extreme state of hysteria and prostration. She was unable to appear at her husband's funeral, and it was reported that she never again saw his face after that early tragic morning. For weeks she remained in bed, "suffering intensely in body and mind" according to the *New York Tribune*, and fainting on occasions when she attempted to pull herself together and arise, according to her seamstress-maid-companion, Elizabeth Keckley. Finally on May 22, accompanied by Mrs. Keckley and Dr. Henry, she left the White House with her two sons to go to Chicago. Mrs. Keckley stated that "Dr. Henry accompanied us and he was remarkably attentive and kind."

The world for Mrs. Lincoln was now a lonely, confused place in which to live, and her bruised mind was unable to adjust itself. Her headaches increased, and her judgment became impaired, leading to minor errors and major mistakes which harmed no one but herself. She shrank from the curiosity and criticism of unkind people which de-

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veloped in her a paranoic sense of persecution. Robert was married, and the death of her "Taddie," adding to her vast sense of loss and grief, hastened her mental disintegration. Resentments, tears, neuralgias, headaches and fevers; "great and burning pains" in her spine and "womanly troubles," made her days miserable and her nights sleepless. Her troubles, imaginary and factual, brought her to the extremity of praying for death as a welcome release.

She constantly complained of her ill health, which, in truth, it was. Insanity is no longer a medical word; it is a social or legal term. Medical men have a more exact phraseology to classify the various types of mental ill health. Mrs. Lincoln was a sick woman and she had been sick since her first year in the White House. Her inclination to get away from Washington increased during the four years, and after 1865 she was constantly on the move from one watering-place to another, fleeing from people and seeking health resorts.

Four years after Tad's death she was in Florida. March 12, 1875, she wired Dr. Ralph N. Isham of Chicago to save Robert's life. Robert Lincoln and Dr. Isham met her train on its arrival in Chicago, and she was almost overcome with joy and relief to find her son well. She insisted on going to the Grand Pacific Hotel and on Robert's remaining

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with her. Indians and doctors were pulling wires and steel springs from her head. Hallucinations and delusions made of her a troublesome tenant for the hotel management and an embarrassing annoyance to Robert Lincoln. Finally, at the urgent advice of five prominent physicians in consultation, he felt compelled to permit a jury of twelve distinguished citizens of Chicago to find his mother insane. Her personal physician, Dr. Willis Danforth, was the main witness, and Drs. Isham, Davis, Johnson and Smith, already referred to, gave their opinions at the trial. Dr. S. C. Blake, city physician, sat on the first jury and Dr. R. M. Paddock on the second jury.

Robert's lawyer was Leonard Swett, and his mother's lawyer was Isaac N. Arnold—both old friends of Abraham Lincoln. Their duty was performed as quickly and sympathetically as possible. She was judged “. . . insane and a fit person to be sent to the State Hospital for the Insane . . .” She was committed, however, to the care of Dr. R. J. Patterson, founder and director of the Bellevue Place Sanitarium at Batavia, near Aurora, Illinois.

After thirteen months she had improved to such an extent that another Chicago jury, more generous than accurate, on June 15, 1876, declared her “. . . restored to reason.” Accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards and a companion-

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nurse, she returned to Springfield; but being too sensitive and unhappy to remain there, she fled for the second time to Europe, to be alone among strangers. While in France, in 1879, she fell from a ladder and seriously hurt her spine. Fearing to die among the strangers she had sought, she returned in October, 1880. After a brief stop in New York City for the purpose of consulting with the eminent orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, she hastened to the home of her sister and the care of her Springfield physician, Dr. Thomas W. Dresser, son of the preacher who had married her.

During these later years, diabetes overtook her and now began to manifest itself in earnest, with loss of weight, disturbance of vision, distressing boils and other annoyances. And the old injury to her spine interfered with locomotion. In the fall of 1881, she managed to return to Dr. Sayre and remained several months under his orthopedic care, though a Springfield paper stated that she went to New York to be treated for "a disease of the eyes and for diabetes." In her letters she complained of almost everything but her eyes, yet cataract or retinitis would be a very probable complication of her diabetes. A portion of her visit was spent at 37 West Twenty-sixth Street in Dr. E. P. Miller's hotel, which featured turkish, electric and roman baths. By March she was back again in the Ed-

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wards' home, living in a darkened room, preferring candlelight to sunlight—unhappy, secluded, and more sick now in body than in mind.

She grew rapidly weaker, and finally midsummer brought the end she had so longed for. In the evening of July 15, she suffered a stroke of paralysis and rapidly sank into coma. Dr. Dresser stated that the coma, in his opinion, was due to the stroke, or breaking of an intracranial blood vessel, rather than to diabetes. It might have been either or both. Twenty-four hours later, at 8:15 p.m., July 16, 1882, Mary Todd Lincoln died, and on July 19 her wish "to lay my aching head and sorrowing heart by the side of the dearly beloved one" was fulfilled. Poor tragic Mary Lincoln, devoted mother of four boys and loyal wife of Abraham Lincoln! Intense and ambitious in life and immortal in death! Her body now lies in a marble crypt forever near to that of the man she truly helped guide to his great destiny.

* * *

In the spring of 1890, there lay sick at No. 2 Cromwell House, Kensington, London, Abraham Lincoln II, the 16-year-old son of the Honorable Robert Todd Lincoln, then American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. For a period of four months the heir to that illustrious name had suf-

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fered from a carbuncle under one of his arms, which, extending into the chest, caused, in all probability, an abscess of the lung or an empyema of the pleural cavity. His physician, Dr. J. Maclagan, recorded it as pleurisy. After three weeks of lung involvement the lad died on March 5. His body was later brought to Springfield and laid away in one of the five crypts of the mausoleum.

Finally, on July 26, 1926, Robert Todd Lincoln, the last of the male line, died in Manchester, Vermont, at the age of 83. His body, at his own desire, lies entombed in the National Cemetery at Arlington, and alongside it now rests the reinterred body of his only son, Abraham.

Robert Todd Lincoln, with justifiable pride of birth but with a worthy independence of spirit, desired to live his life without aid or benefit from so great a name. His very reverence for his father made him shrink from public demonstration of his heritage. But the bodies of the three young brothers will remain in a princely row near those of their parents in a new mausoleum in the rebuilt Lincoln Monument at Springfield, Illinois—mute, pathetic, and likewise immortal, because of him who sired them.

*
* *

THIS effort at a contribution to Lincolniana is a work of love by one who believes that Abraham Lincoln will become increasingly great, for when he saved the Union of the United States of America, he also saved the very principle of peaceful federation of separate states for the impending new era of world federation.

* *
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APPENDIX A

THE following letters are printed by permission of Oliver R. Barrett of Chicago, owner of the originals.

Dr. Henry's letter to Mrs. Henry reveals their close friendship to the Lincolns and, incidentally, the only record of President Lincoln's last spoken words. The letters of Mrs. Lincoln corroborate the author's emphasis of that close friendship, and, of added interest in this book, disclose early signs of her psychosis.

DR. ANSON G. HENRY TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LAFAYETTE, OREGON, June 21st, 1861

Dear Lincoln:—

You will see by the enclosed, that I am doing all in my power to keep things right here.

There is a much stronger Secession feeling in Oregon than is generally believed.

In my opinion the election of Baker and Nesmith to the Senate, and the consequent defeat of Breckenridge and Lane in Oregon and California in November, is all that saved this Coast from going with the South. As it was, the timely appearance of Gen. Sumner at San Francisco saved the public property of California from falling into the hands of the Secessionists.

I think all is now safe, notwithstanding the Governors of both California & Oregon openly avow their hostilities to your policy of putting down the Rebellion.

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The Douglas wing of the Democracy are a Unit here in Oregon, in support of your policy. The Organ (The Statesman) is the most zealous & efficient supporter you have in Oregon if not on the Pacific Coast.

I am now on my farm, doing little or nothing. If I can aid the Government in the capacity of Surgeon (for which I am best fitted) or in any other way, you can at a moment's notice command my services.

That God may give you Strength and Wisdom to discharge your very responsible duties, is the daily Prayer of your old & unwavering friend.

A. G. HENRY

LAFAYETTE, OREGON, June 21st, 1861

Dear Lincoln:—

I have no misgivings about your ultimate triumph over the Rebellion. It may with truth be said of your Army as was said of Oliver Cromwell's Regiment—"Being well armed within by the satisfaction of their consciences, and without, with good Iron Arms, they will as one man stand firmly, and charge desperately."

We have just heard of the death of Mr. Douglas. He died surrounded by a blaze of Patriotic Glory, and his memory will be cherished by all true Patriots.

Remember us most kindly to Mrs. Lincoln. Yours as ever.

A. G. HENRY

DR. ANSON G. HENRY TO A. R. ELDER OF CALIFORNIA

EXECUTIVE MANSION

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1863

A. R. Elder, Esqr.

Dear Sir:—

I received your letter of February 20th on my return from a visit to the Army of the Potomac in Company

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with Mr. Lincoln's Lady. We spent six days as the guests of Gen. Hooker.

You will see an account of our trip in the slip I send you, and also in the *Sacramento Union*. I am now the Guest of the President, but shall leave tomorrow evening no Providence preventing on a visit to Springfield, where I shall only spend a day or two, and return to this place for two or three days before starting for home on the first of May—I may take the Overland stage.

I fully appreciate your feelings in relation to my appointments, but I shall see you so soon after this reaches you that I will defer any expression until we meet face to face.

I have had a great deal of talk with Mr. Lincoln since I have been here and your name has been frequently mentioned in connection with our early history in The Sangamon. Mr. Lincoln is very kindly disposed towards me and so is Mrs. Lincoln. They both urged me to stop with them when I first arrived here, but declined doing so for the reason that I would have been terribly annoyed by those who were anxious to get interviews with Mr. Lincoln. I thought I could stand two or three days, so I accepted their pressing invitation on our return from the Army, last Friday evening, and besides I wanted to have a fair swing at Victor Smith. I think I will have his head in a basket before I leave tomorrow evening but you will get the news by Telegraph long before this will reach you.

I think we are now getting on with the war better than ever before. Gen. Hooker will certainly go to Richmond when he starts, and on to New Orleans if it is necessary, for he has the finest army the sun ever shone upon, commanded by a brave and dashing corps of officers.

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I have written my wife a long letter by this mail which I presume she will show you.

My kindest regards to your family and all friends.

Yours truly,

A. G. HENRY

DR. ANSON G. HENRY TO HIS WIFE

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19, 1865

My Dear Wife,

Today has been the saddest day of my life, if indeed one day can be sadder than another of the sad days that has shrouded the nation in gloom.

I have no words to express what I feel and how much I now long to fold you to my bosom and mingle my burning tears with yours for the loss of our greatest, best & most kind and loving friend Abraham Lincoln. Now that he has gone to the Spirit land we realize how much we loved him and how worthy he was of our love and confidence.

I was in Richmond on the night of his assassination. The next day in the afternoon I went down to City Point & met the sad news. I was so stunned by the blow that I could not realize that he was dead until I saw him lying in the Guest's chamber, cold and still in the embrace of Death. Then the terrible truth flashed upon me & and the fountain of tears was broken up and I wept like a child, refusing to be comforted, remaining riveted to the spot until led away by those who came in for the purpose of laying the body in the coffin. I had never before realized the luxury of tears & I never before wept in the bitterness of heart & soul, & God grant that I may never have cause to so weep again.

After recovering my composure, I sought the presence of poor heart broken Mrs. Lincoln. I found her in

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bed more composed than I had anticipated, but the moment I came within her reach she threw her arms around my neck and wept most hysterically for several minutes, and this completely unmanned me again, but my sympathy was to her most consoling, and for a half hour she talked most composedly about what had transpired between her and her Husband the day and evening of his death, which I will tell you when we meet. She says he was more cheerful and joyous that day and evening than he had been for years. When at dinner he complained of being worn out with the incessant toils of the day, and proposed to go to the Theatre and have a laugh over the Country Cousin. She says she discouraged going, on account of a bad headache, but he insisted that he must go, for if he stayed at home he would have no rest for he would be obliged to see company all the evening as usual.

Finding that he had decided to go, she could not think of having him go without her, never having felt so unwilling to be away from him. She set close to him and was leaning on his lap looking up in his face when the fatal shot was fired, his last words being in answer to her question "What will Miss Harris think of my hanging on to you so"—"She won't think anything about it"—and said accompanied with one of his kind and affectionate smiles. Yes, that look & expression is stamped upon her soul too indelibly to ever be effaced by time, and its recollection will never fail to soothe and comfort her in her hours of darkest affliction. God in his mercy will sanctify this personal and National affliction for great good, and this is my greatest and almost only consolation under the terrible bereavement.

I feel that there is no selfishness mixed up with my sorrow. The loss of Mr. Lincoln will not affect my personal interests unfavorably. I have good reason to be-

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lieve that President Johnson will do all for me that President Lincoln could or would have done, but the great attraction for remaining here has been taken away; yet it would not be right to refuse to stay here as the representative of our Pacific interests in the Departments, should the Delegation insist upon it, as they undoubtedly will. At least, so says Judge Williams. The matter won't be settled until Mr. Harlan takes charge of the Department of the Interior on the 15th of May. This was the understanding between Harlan and Mr. Lincoln when I left for Richmond. It may possibly turn out that Johnson won't ratify the arrangement, but I don't think he will refuse. The general impression is, that he will, as nearly as possible, carry out Mr. Lincoln's policy & plans. In other words, finish up the work the immortal Lincoln had begun and so nearly completed. The great body of the Nation will demand this of him.

You must my Dear, Dear Wife bear our separation with all the patience possible. Let us thank God that we are permitted to commune together in this way, and that should it be we do not meet again on earth, that by his all prevailing grace and mercy we will meet in Heaven.

ANSON

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that I followed the hearse in the funeral procession in the third carriage as one of the family. The place was assigned to me by the marshall, as I suppose on the suggestion of Mrs. Lincoln. I was seated with the mourners in the East Room where the Funeral Ceremonies were performed. I send you a copy of them enclosed—The sermon of Doctor Gurley.

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MRS. MARY LINCOLN TO DR. ANSON G. HENRY

HYDE PARK PLACE, CHICAGO

July 17th 1865

My Dear Dr.

I had hoped, to have sent this letter, by today's steamer, but have been so seriously indisposed, this week, that this is the first day of it, I have been sitting up. General Todd called to see us, ten days since, said he had a conversation with Sec. Harlan, the day before leaving, that was Monday day after you sailed. He expressed *great regret*, that you had *so suddenly* left, said *he had* intended, doing something for you. Robert immediately wrote to him and insisted, that it was not too late & that *he* considered it due, his Father's memory, that *you* should be provided for, in W. Although it has been over a week, since this was written, not a word, have we heard from him. I see, by the papers, this week, that *some* man from Iowa, has been put in Dole's place, and that Holloway, has resigned. *Much*, doubtless, to old Newton's delight, *another, this last* is, of the selfish ones. Mr. Harlan, has acted in the most contemptible way! It has become so much so with every one, that when I write to Wash, on any subject or business, I receive no reply, it is so with Robert also. No *such sorrow*, was ever visited upon a people or family, as when we were bereaved of my darling husband, every day causes me to feel still more crushed & broken hearted. If it was not for my dear little Taddie, I would pray to die, I am so miserable. I still remain closeted in my rooms, take an occasional walk in the park & as usual see no one. What have I, in my misery, to do with the outside world?

I must not fail to thank you, for your most interesting letter from New York, it is well for us, that you passed

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a day or two there, & saw those you did. Mr. Bentley wrote me from Detroit, one day, this week, said he would probably be in Chicago, next week. He appears, to be a very kind hearted man. *Judge Davis*, has been holding court in Chicago, called out & said *very complacently*, I am glad, to see you are so well situated out *here* & remarked, that there was not the *least* indication that C—or *any other place*, would *bestow* a house & we must have to *content* ourselves, with boarding. I replied, “I board *no longer* than next spring in Ill., *after that*, if we still have to be *vagrants*, I prefer being so, in any state, rather than where *every man*, in the state, owes my Husband a deep debt of gratitude.” He said, “Will you take Robt with you too?” I replied, “most certainly, he goes where I do.”—There is no doubt he, Judge D., enters *entirely* into the feelings of the S. clique. I mentioned, that I had understood, that *Smith*, had been making himself, as silly and malicious as ever, by endeavouring to turn my best friends in N. Y. against me. He said “not at all, he could not believe it.” I told him very emphatically, “it was so.” I did not mention any names to him. With all our overwhelming sorrows, what enemies we do have to contend with.—I can assure them here, that it is from no feeling of gratitude or love, for *them*, that I have returned *here*—Judge D. is intensely selfish, and would rather, I really believe, prefer to see us, as we are, without a home, or the prospect of one, rather than have us comfortable—it is endurance vile—I assure you—and no prospect of a remedy. I believe in my heart that you are really, the only disinterested, sincere friend, left us. I trust for all your kindnesses, I will be enabled to repay some of it. It was very painful to us, I assure you, that you had to return home. I had fondly hoped, that you would have been settled in W. and we would have received frequent

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visits from you & Mrs. Henry, whom I remember with much affection. Alas, alas, our families, are both situated alike, nothing but disappointments before us—and if myself & sons, are specimens, of American justice, God Help, other people.

I have written to Sen. Williams, and have as yet, had no reply—I have requested him to inform me, of the first safe means, of sending some articles to you—our *poor boxes*, I fear, are long destined to remain in the warehouses. I thought it best, not to send, for the present, those claims to Mr. Brooks. Some months later, perhaps, it would be better. Any thing *we do* is seized on—An especial way, of “being cared for, by the American people.” Robert is so worried, that I am sick so much, that he has purchased a neat covered buggy, in which he can drive his horse, otherwise he says he would sell the horse. As it was his father’s *last* gift, I could not consent to this, although, I expect, we will hear remarks, about our purchasing a buggy—I do hope, dear Doctor, you will write us very frequently—what would I not give to have one of our old chats together again. R.—often remarks the same. I cannot express, how lonely and desolate we are. And you have been almost our only friend in our deep, deep affliction. Please present much love to Mrs. Henry, who must indeed be rejoiced to see you. I will write you again in a few days, after seeing Bentley, if *he calls*. Do write at least once a week.

Robt. and Tad send much love.

Your truly attached friend,
MARY LINCOLN

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MRS. MARY LINCOLN TO DR. ANSON G. HENRY

HYDE PARK PLACE, July 26th—65

My Dear Dr.

Although, I wrote you, a few days since, by the Overland Route, yet remembering that a steamer sails, next Saturday, I have concluded, to send you, a few lines. I did not receive your letter from Panama and I have written to Senator Williams & he has not replied. I have nothing more just now to tell you, *this place* has become a complete Babel & I grieve, that *necessity* requires us, to live, in this way. Bentley, from the Detroit Convention, came over to C. as usual, he was "hoping on, hoping ever"—there is a very *dim* prospect of success I think. I see that one of the Editors of the Springfield, *Mass.* R. paper, accompanies Mr. Colfax and is now with him in California. This *Mr. Bowles*, will *throw cold water*, I fear on any of your or the Tribune's efforts—in Cal. Taddie is not at home, the scarlet fever, is in the house & a lady who boards here, the daughter of Dr. Boone and niece of Mrs. Judge Thomas, who formerly lived in S. now in C. proposed for fear of the disease, taking Taddie up to her Mother's, in the country. I am so miserable, it is painful to part with him, even for a day, yet it is best, he should be away. Taddie, has made many warm friends, in the house. I live, as secluded, as ever, as a matter of course. I long for a home, where I can bury myself & my sorrows. Sec. Harlan wrote R. a letter, full of all manner of excuses about *not* appointing you—he is intensely selfish & I trust, I shall never see any of them again. I am sure, as *we* are not now in power, *they* do not desire it. Gov. Oglesby is in Chicago, and it appeared in two of the leading Journals of the city, yesterday, purporting to be copied, from "Boston Transcript," that Mrs. Lincoln had already

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from the estate \$100,000—and the paper was authorized to state, no more contributions would be received. It, of course, emanated from Springfield, and those people know we have no home.

Mrs. Trumbull, has not *yet* honored me with a call, should she ever deign, she will not be received. She is, indeed, “a whited sepulchre.”

Poor Robert has borne his sorrows, manfully, yet with a broken heart. I wish to goodness, yourself & family, could have remained on this side—But, as it was *our* earnest wish, they, *at Wash.*, saw fit to disappoint us.

Your attached friend,

MARY LINCOLN

MRS. LINCOLN TO MRS. HENRY

CHICAGO, Aug. 31st, 1865

My very dear Mrs. Henry,

Bowed down & broken hearted, and feeling so deeply for you, in your agonizing bereavement, I feel justified, in approaching you, at this time, when, we all feel alike crushed.

We have both been called upon to resign, to our Heavenly Father, two of the best men & the most devoted husbands, that two unhappy women, ever possessed.

The terrible news, that our beloved friend, who so sympathized with *us*, in our irreparable loss, is gone, has been received by us, only a day or two since. My sons and myself have been overcome, by the startling and heart rending intelligence. We consider that we have lost our best & dearest friend. It has been my most ardent wish, that Dr. Henry, should have received an appointment in Washington, it would have been a great

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comfort to us, in our own overwhelming sorrow, to have had you both near us. In this great trial, it is difficult to be taught resignation, the only comfort that remains to us, is the blessed consolation, that our beloved ones, are rejoicing in their Heavenly Home, free from all earthy trials & in the holy presence of God & his angels, are singing the praises of the Redeemer. I long, to lay my own weary head, down to rest, by the side of my darling husband. I pray God, to grant me sufficient grace, to await *his* time, for I long to be at rest. Without my idolized husband, I do not wish to remain on earth.

Mr. Wm. T. Henry, called a day or two since. I was confined to my bed & did not see him. Robert saw him & he left your telegram. Robert immediately wrote on to Washington, urging and pleading, for the appointment of your son in law. We pray & trust the appeal, will be granted. You have no one, my dear friend, who could possibly feel for you, as I do, your grief is mine, in it, I am living over my own disconsolate state & the gratitude we feel, for the dear Doctor's recent, sympathy for us, in all things together with the great love we all bore him, makes your troubles my own. How much, I wish, you lived nearer to us. We could then, weep together, over our dreary lot. The world, without my beloved husband & our best friend, is a sad and lonely place enough. Our poor little family, would be a gloomy picture, for any one to see, who has a heart to feel. It was a great trial, to me, when Dr. Henry left here in June, that I was unable to have access to some boxes, stored in a warehouse, where was deposited a cane of my husband's, a large family Bible, & some other things, designed for presentation to the Dr. So soon as I can get to them, I shall avail myself, of the first opportunity, of sending them to you. I can offer

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you in conclusion, of this very sad letter, my dear Mrs. Henry, very little consolation, for I am so weary & heavy laden myself, over everything, concerning us both. I trust you will write to me, for you are very dear to me, now & ever.

With regards to your family, I remain always

Your attached friend,

MARY LINCOLN

APPENDIX B

NOTES ON DR. ROBERT KING STONE, PHYSICIAN TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS FAMILY

DR. R. K. STONE was born in 1822 in Washington, D. C., in a house built by his father, Wm. G. Stone, at the corner of 14th and F Streets, N.W. At the age of 20, he received his A.B., in 1842, from Princeton University and his M.D., in 1845, from the University of Pennsylvania. After graduation, he went to Europe and attended the clinics of Edinburgh, Paris, and Vienna, paying special attention to study of the eye and ear. For some time, he was a private pupil of Dumarres. In 1847, he returned to Washington and a year later was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Columbia Medical College. This chair later included Microscopical Anatomy, and still later, he was made Professor of Ophthalmic and Aural Surgery. In 1860, he was a Professor of Clinical Surgery to the National Medical College in Washington, and from 1858 to 1861, President of the Board of Health of the District of Columbia. On May 3, 1865, he read a paper before the Medical Society of the District of Columbia, describing the death and autopsy findings of President Lincoln. About 1860, Dr. Stone was thrown from his buggy and suffered a fractured hip, which compelled him to limit his practice chiefly to hospital and office work. His health failed later, and while on a trip to Philadelphia, he died suddenly of apoplexy on April 23, 1872 at the age of 50.

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Dr. Samuel C. Busey, mentioned in the text as a friend of Congressman Lincoln, became one of the prominent physicians of Washington, and was one of the very few Washington members of the early American Medical Association. In his *Reminiscences* published in 1895, Dr. Busey attributed his own "fluency of speech and readiness in debate" to Dr. Stone, who "always spoke with great ease and fluency [and once] said to me, 'The secret lies in two things, know what you intend to say and forget yourself.' . . . He was a broad minded, open hearted, generous and forgiving man, who met everybody with a cordial greeting and salutation, which attached friends, won enemies, and spread all around and about him the mellow radiance of a soul that was most happy when making others happy. Of his professional attainments I need not speak to you."

Lincoln, as in most matters of vital importance, again disregarded party consideration, and chose the physician to his family for his personal and professional qualifications.

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